The Famous History

of Guy Earle of *Warwicke*.

By SAMVEL ROWLANDS.

Printed at London by *Elizabeth Allde*. 1632.

TO THE RIGHT HONOVRABLE

PHILIP, Earle of *Mountgomery*, Lord HERBERT of *Sherland*, and of the most Noble Order of the Garter, Knight.

RIght worthily enobled, and truly Honourable Lord, vouchsafe out of your generous curteſie, (to which all men yeeld a generall applaud) to accept this ſlight and weake Poeme, deriued from a ſtrong and mighty ſubiect, (to wit) Great *Guy* of *Warwicke*, (our famous Countrey-man) whoſe valour hath beene the worlds wonder, and his admirable acts of Chiualry, ter-

rors and daunting feares to all the opposites of himselfe and this Kingdome: the neglecting of whose worthy memory, hath induced my more willing then able Muse, to reuiue the deedes of this dust-consumed Champion, vpon whose honourable Combat, King *Athelstone* ventured the whole Realme of *England*: Disdaine not therefore (most worthfull and precious spirit) in the true affability of your esteemed vertues, to vouchsafe the view of these Artlesse lines, which in the silence of greater sufficiences, speake onely to keep valour from obliuious destruction.

Most humbly deuoted

to your Honours vertues,

SAMVEL ROWLANDS.

To the Noble Englisſh Nation.

*RE*nowned *Engliſh, whom our Lines inuite*
To view the Acts of Warwickes *worthy Knight,*
Whoſe deedes of old, writ with an ancient Pen,
Haue now out-worne the memories of men.
Moſt ſtrange in this ſame Poet-plenty age,
Where Epigrams *and* Satyres *biting rage:*
Where Paper is imployed euery day,
To carry Verſe about the Towne for pay;
That Stories ſhould entomb'd with worthies lie,
And Fame, through Age extinct, obſcurely die.
'Daine to accept what Recreations houres
Haue ſpent vpon this Country-man of ours:
It ſeemes too farre vnkinde, that in theſe daies,
We toyle ſo much in other Nations praiſe,
That we neglect the famouſing of our owne,
Which ouer-match full vnto them were knowne.
England *hath bred ſuch Men for valour tride,*
Could Mate all Kingdomes of the World beſide.
Take here a view of Knight-hoods ancient face,
His bruiſed Armour, and his bloody caſe:
His broken Launce, gapt Faulch'on, batter'd Shield,
His valiant Combats with his Foe in Field:
The wounds and ſcarres inſculpt vpon his fleſh,
His mortall fights renew'd each day afreſh,
His reaſons that did animate to Armes,
His freeing tender Ladies from their harmes,
His hacked Target, and his ſplinterd Speare,
His killing Serpents, ſaluage Bore, and Beare.

Then looke on some: in ages since beknighted,
Whosoeuer were with Martiall deedes delighted:
That are no kin to them which went of old
In Iron Armour, these are Knights in gold:
And you shall see that one doth weare the Name,
When th'others Actions merit for the same.
The same for merit was renowned Guy,
A Champion that his fame with blood did buy,
And neuer held his life in coward feare,
But ventur'd it at point of sword and speare:
He was a prodigall of life and limme,
And bade all welcome, came to fight with him:
Were it a Gyant like to Gogmagog,
Or Cerberus, *that Triple-headed Dog,*
Or he that often did Olympus *clime,*
And was the onely Clubman of his time,
Great Hercules, *if he had breath'd on ground,*
When English Guy *of* Warwicke *liu'd renown'd,*
There would haue beene a combat twixt them two,
To try what stout Alcides *force could doe:*
Or Hector, *whose applaud the world doth know,*
Or fierce Achilles: *fearefull to his foe.*
Had all these liu'd together in an age,
They had beene Combatants, the earth their stage.
Kind English yeeld vnto your Countrey-man,
As gentle entertainment as you can:
Though he lie quiet now transform'd to dust,
Sleeping in death, as other Mortals must:
With your life-giuing breath, reuiue his Fame,
That hath deseru'd an honourable name.
And hauing view'd his Actions, wish with me,
That all the Knights we haue, were such as he.

SAM. ROWLANDS.

To

To the Honourable Ladies of ENGLAND

LAdies, in elder times your ſex did need
Knight-hoods true valour to defend your rights,
Of admirable actions we doe read,
Haue beene atchieu'd in cruell bloody fights.
Fell vgly Serpents were deſtroy'd and ſlaine,
Strange Monſters mangled, Gyants hew'd in twaine.

But who deſeru'd more in ſuch enterprize,
Then worthy Engliſh, bred where we are borne?
Such as did eaſe and idleneſſe deſpiſe:
For Armour more then ſilke by them was worne.
Theſe were the Champions that for Ladies good
Would bleed as long as they had drops of blood.

Such was Sir *Guy*, whoſe Story here we tell,
Valours renowned honourable man:
He lou'd your kinde (in heart) exceeding well,
How can you chuſe but loue his Legend than?
Beſtow the reading of it, if you pleaſe,
'Gainſt melancholly, that ſame dull diſeaſe.

SAM. ROWLANDS.

The

The Argument.

GVY of Warwicke (Sonne to Earle Rohands Steward) in blooming youth of Natures spring, fell in loue with the Earles faire Daughter Phelice, whose disdaining of him, in that he was but a meane Gentleman, and not by birth answerable to her Honourable estate, did afflict his tormented minde with most distressed passions, till in a vision Cupid presents her with the Picture of Mars, inioyning her to loue Guy, as the admired Champion of Christendome: Vpon this she yeldeth affection, on condition of Aduentures, which to atchieue, hee departs into France, and shortly returnes with Trophees of victory, and prizes of Honour: But Phelice not satisfied therewith, he leaues England againe, performing in forraine Countries wonderful acts: then returning, marries his Loue, whom after forty daies he leaues, departing on pilgrimage to the Holy Land, effecting in that iourney many strange things: Then supposed to be dead, comes backe disguised, and out-worne to memory, and fights a Combate for King Athelstone, killing Colbrond the Gyant of Denmarke, freeing thereby the Kingdome from inuasion. After that, liues obscurely in a Caue, and comes for almes to his owne Castle, not reuealing himselfe till the houre of his death, and then he sent his Lady a Ring, by which token she knew her Husband, and came most wofully to close vp his eyes, dying her selfe shortly after him, for very griefe and extreme sorrowe.

The

The Famous Hiſtory of Gvy Earle of WARVVICKE.

In Natures greene vnmellowed yeeres,
Cupid tormenteth *Guy*,
Inthrals his heart to *Phelice* loue,
By obiect of the eye.

Canto 1.

VVHen dreadfull *Mars* in Armour eu'ry day
Lou'd ſtately *Iuno* and *Bellona* beſt,
Before he knew the Court where *Venus* lay,
For then he tooke himſelfe to eaſe and reſt.
When all his thoughts, vnto the proofe were ſteeld,
And all his actions manag'd in the field?

A Knight of his (a worthy Engliſh-man,)
That went like him, clad in an Iron coate,
In *Warwicke* with the worlds applaud began
To be a man of admirable note:
Such was the valour he aſcended by,
That Pagans trembled at the name of *Guy*.

This man compos'd of courage full of ſpright,
Of hard aduentures, and of great deſignes,
To fight with Gyants tooke a chiefe delight,
Or ſearch ſome Caue that Monſter vnder-mines,
Meete with a Bore to make a bloody fray,
Or combat with a Dragon, by the day.

Yet ere he entertaind his Loue to armes,
He grew deuoted to the Queene of Loue;
Attempting Beauties Fort with fierce allarmes,
The victory of ſuch a prize to proue,
As elder times before could ne'r inioy,
A ſweeter face then loſt old *Priam* Troy.

Faire *Phelice*, equall match to *Cupids* Mother,
A curious creature and the Kingdomes pride;
All ſpacious Britaine had not ſuch another,
For glorious beauty, and good parts beſide:
'Twixt her and *Vulcans* wife no oddes were knowne,
But *Venus* had a Mole, and ſhe had none.

For moſt directly ſhe had *Venus* haire,
The ſame high fore-head, and attractiue eye;
Her cheekes of Roſes mixt with Lillies faire,
The very lippes of perfect Corall dye,
Iuory teeth, a dainty riſing chinne,
A ſoft touch-pleaſing, ſmooth, and ſilken skinne,

With all perfections make a peereleſſe creature,
From head to foote, ſhe had them eu'ry one:
Mirrour ſhe was of comelineſſe and feature,
An Engliſh Phenix, ſupreme faire alone;
Whom gazing people cenſures, thus would grace;
Beauty liues no where but in *Phelice* face.

In *Phelice* face (this obiect of *Guyes* ſight)
Were lookes of loue, and glaunces of diſdaine:
From thence ſometimes his eyes attract delight,
From thence anon his heart deriueth paine:
One while ſweet ſmiles doe giue encouragement,
Another time, ſterne lookes worke diſcontent.

Thus on Loues Seas, toſt by the ſtormes of terrour,
'Twixt preſent calme, and ſuddaine furious blaſt:
Reſoluing Loue, yet finding Loue in errour,
In freedome chain'd, in liberty bound faſt:
He ſighes that Fortune doth ſo ſtrangely deale,
To giue a wound that Beauty will not heale.

That beauty will not heale (quoth he?) fond man,
Thou wrongſt thy ſelfe, and thy faire Goddeſſe too,
By lookes to know a womans heart who can?
And looke on her is onely all I doe:
I'le take another courſe more reſolute,
To ſpeake, to write, my honeſt meanings ſuite.

But if I ſhould doe ſo, what hope haue I,
That ſhe will heare my words, or read my lines?
She is Earle *Rohands* Heire, and borne too hye
To condiſcend vnto my poore deſignes:
Though I a Gentleman by birth am knowne,
Earledomes I want, and Lordſhips I haue none.

Oh! Women are ambitious out of meaſure,
They mount aloft vpon the wings of pride,
And often match more for this worldly treaſure,
Then any louing cauſe on earth beſide:
Which makes ſome wiſh, rather there were no gold,
Then Loue for it ſhould baſe be bought and ſold.

If ſuch ſhe be, (as not be ſuch is rare)
What will my words, or ſighes, or teares preuaile?
I enter then a Labyrinth of care,
And ſtriue againſt both wind and tide to ſaile:
A reſtleſſe ſtone with *Siſiphus* I roule,
And heape continuall torments on my ſoule.

Then I attempt to flye with waxen wings,
Where *Phœbus* Chariot burnes in brighteſt flame,
And ſhall be cenſur'd, that in childiſh things
As Loue, I haue begot eternall ſhame,
Reiected and deſpis'd in baſe eſteeme,
To th'enuious world, I ſhall no better ſeeme.

But ceaſe, Loues coward, baniſh thoughts of feare,
Be reſolute, and good acceſſe attend thee:
Phelice of force a louing heart muſt beare,
If he that ſhootes Loues Darts of gold, befriend thee:
And by no reaſon he can be thy foe,
Becauſe thou lou'ſt his Mothers Picture ſo.

I am reſolu'd: Goe on to *Phelice* Bowre,
And from as true a heart as fleſh can yeeld;
Intreat her heare me, in a bleſſed houre,
And with kind pitty all my ſorrowes ſhield;
To looke vpon me with remorſe of minde,
That holds my life, as her loue is inclinde.

This ſaid, to *Warwicke* Caſtle he repaires,
Where the rich Iewell of his heart remain'd:
Earle *Rohand* bids him welcome, and prepares
With hunting ſports, to haue him entertain'd;
But there unto vnwilling eare he lends,
And ſudden ſickneſſe for excuſe pretends.

The Earle much grieued at this alteration,
Sent his Phyſicion for to doe him good:
Who told Gvy that his onely preſeruation,
Conſiſted in the preſent letting of blood;
And that his body in diſtemperature,
Was difficult, and very hard to cure.

Doctor (quoth *Guy*) 'tis true, I know as much,
I finde my ſelfe to be exceeding ill,
But there's a Flowre, which if I might touch,
Would heale me better then thy Phyſickes skill.
Tis called by a pretty pleaſing name,
And *Felix* ſoundeth ſomewhat neere the ſame.

Quoth the Phyſicion, Sir, I know it not,
Nor in the Herball read of ſuch a flowre.
Yet in this Caſtle it is to be got,
Said *Guy*, it growes not farre from yonder Towre,
I'le find it out my ſelfe, Doctor refraine,
Gallen had ne'r the art to cure my paine.

Left in his paſſion to conuerſe with mone,
As in a window he did ſighing lie;
In a delightfull Garden all alone,
The Empreſſe of his thoughts he did eſpie;
Which to his ſoule did much reioycing bring,
Feare was depos'd, and Hope was crowned King.

Now is the time (quoth he) faire Fortunes ſun
Shines fauourable on my gloomy cares;
Now may I end the griefe that Loue begun,
And boldly aske good hap, how well ſhe fares:
Now will I enter yonder pleaſant ſhade,
To court the worlds admired beautious Maide.

Phelice,

Phelice, I come, assist me (*Cupid*) now,
Prepare an Arrow ready for my Bow;
I neuer went a wooing: teach me how
Good action (with good speech) I may bestow:
But aboue all things, gentle *Cupid*, moue her,
That she beleeue me, when I sweare I loue her.

With speed vnto the Garden then he goes,
Where one of *Phelice* Damsels let him in,
And in a curious Arbor of repose
Finds *Citherea* with her siluer skin:
Whom he salutes with grace and Maiestie,
Beholding her with Loues inchanting eye.

Faireſt (quoth he) of all the workes of Nature,
Whose equall neuer breath'd this common ayre;
More wonderfull than earth can yeeld a creature;
For eu'ry part belonging vnto faire;
Immortall Creature of Cœlestiall frame,
Eternall honour still attend thy name.

I come to thee about the like poore suite,
That once *Leander* came to *Hero* with;
Hoping thereby to reape more louely fruite,
Than *Mars* attain'd when he deceiu'd the Smith:
'Tis onely Loue that I with heart present,
'Tis onely Loue must giue my soule content.

Incline

Incline (ſweet Lady) to mine humble motion,
Compaſſionate the griefe that I endure;
Regard my life that reſts at thy deuotion,
With pitty take my dying heart in cure:
O let it not in groaning torments ſwell,
And breake in twaine, becauſe it loues thee well,

Great Princes loue thee, this I knew before,
And deeds of honour for thy name haue done;
But neither King, nor Prince can loue thee more,
Then doth poore *Guy*, thy Fathers Stewards Sonne:
His loue to thee is ſo ineſtimable,
To counteruaile it, all they are not able.

Phelice thus interrupts his proteſtation:
No more of Loue, ceaſe, gentle Youth (quoth ſhe)
I haue a mind fram'd of another faſhion,
Virginity ſhall liue and die with me:
Loue is compoſd of idleneſſe and play,
And leades to vaine delights, delights that ſtray.

Beſides, it ill beſeemes thee be ſo bold,
Inferiour and vnfit for my degree:
And if vnto my Father this were told,
I know it would procure reproofe to thee.
The Prouerbe in this point might make thee wiſe,
That Princly Eagles *ſcorne the catching* Flyes.

And

And with this anſwer he departed thence,
Leauing poore *Guy* more vexed then before:
For now in deepe deſpaire of recompence,
He neuer doth expect Loues comfort more;
But vnto ſorrow, ſighes, and teares doth giue,
Wiſhing each day the laſt he had to liue.

Guy, in ſtrange paſſions for his Loue,
Great torments doth indure:
Till *Phelice* ſees a Viſion, and
Doth yeeld her Patient cure.

Cant. 2.

WIth tyred thoughts remaines this wofull wight,
Diſtracted in his melâcholy mind,
Partaking nothing that containes delight,
All things are harſh, diſtaſtfull, out of kind,
Phelice denyes him loue, whoſe ſound of breath,
Is like the Iudge that doomes a man to death.

Like to *Oreſtes* in his franticke fits,
He tare the golden treſſes from his head,
Or mad *Orlando* quite depriu'd of wits,
From whom the vſe of ſence and reaſon fled:
So fares it with this Loue-tormented man,
Whoſe raging thoughts into diſorder ran.

Society he ſhunnes, and keepes alone,
Accuſing Deſtinie, and curſing Beauty,
He hates himſelfe, and is a friend to none,
Beyond the limits of all loue and duty:
Venus (quoth he) how are thy lawes forgot,
Thus to afflict him that offends thee not?

What is the cauſe I am reiected thus?
Who interrupts my Loue to Beauties mirrour?
I'le dragge him hence, to roaring *Erebus*,
There to be plunged in eternall terrour:
I'le to *Ioues* Court, and there with ſhouts and cryes,
Make ſuch a clangor as ſhall rent the skyes.

Shall I be couſen'd as *Orpheus* was?
Aſſiſt me, *Theſeus*, to reuenge this wrong.
Where's *Radamant*, that Iuſtice cannot paſſe?
Eu idice is ſold euen for a Song:
Fiends, Furies, Goblins, Hidraes, for a fall,
I am prepar'd to manage with you all.

I'le mount vpon the backe of *Pegaſus*,
And in bright *Phœbus* flames my ſelfe will wrap:
Then will I tumble windy *Eolus*,
To ſleepe in *Thetis* watery Chriſtall lap.
From thence I'le poaſt vnto the torrid *Zone*,
To finde which way faire *Phelice* loue is gone.

Iaſon

Iason had lucke to winne the golden fleece,
I like the Skin, but for the Hornes I care not:
Faire *Hellen* was a waggiſh Wench of *Greece*,
Bold *Mars* will venture, baſhfull *Venus* dares not.
Truſt a faire face? Not I, let him that liſt.
What's *Hercules* without a Club in's fiſt?

Thus for a time his ſences were depriued,
Being left by Loue as blind as *Cupids* eyes,
'Till reaſon to perfections ſtate reuiued,
And extreme paſſions ceaſt to tyrannize:
For in a Viſion *Phelice* did deſcry
The power of Loue, and yeelds her heart to *Guy*.

By *Morpheus* poſſeſt of quiet ſleepe,
In dead of night when Viſions doe appeare,
The heart-tormentor, he that pierceth deepe,
And maketh Louers buy their bargaine deare,
Sends from his Bow a ſhaft with golden head,
And wounded *Phelice* in her Maiden bed.

Before her he preſents a Martiall wight,
Clad all in Armour, for encounters fit,
And ſaies; *Sweet Virgin, loue this man of might,*
Giue him thy heart, for he doth merit it,
For valour, courage, comely ſhape and limme,
The world hath not a Champion like to him.

Faire Phelice *in a Vision,*
Entertaines the Loue of Guy:
Inioyning him aduentures strange,
His manly force to try.

Great

Great honour (Lady) thou ſhalt gaine thereby,
T'adorne thy Noble and renowned birth;
He ſhall aſpire vnto ſuch Maieſty,
His name will be a terrour on the earth;
He ſhall become a Champion vnto Kings,
And by the ſword performe admired things.

Be not ambitious that thou art high borne,
Be not diſdainefull of a meane eſtate,
Be not deſiled with the brand of ſcorne,
Be not too proud that thou art Beauties Mate;
For 'tis in vaine to ſtriue againſt my Bow,
If I ſay, Loue, it muſt, and ſhall be ſo.

Fixe not thy thoughts baſely on worldly wealth,
(Coyne ſhould not be foundation vnto Loue)
Corrupted hearts it drawes away by ſtealth,
Theſe money-matches cannot happy proue:
For as the goods of Fortune doe decay,
So loue which they beget conſumes away.

I know how *Plutoes* golden treaſure ſwayes,
By deuiliſh and accurſed falſe illuſion:
I know how womens humours now a dayes,
Run after riches to their owne confuſion;
I ſee the Peaſant with moſt abiect life,
With gold enough can buy a dainty wife.

But *Phelice*, if thou knew'ſt as much as I,
How baſe the gods eſteeme of ſuch abuſes,
When beauty ſels, and riches come to buy,
Which are not made for one anothers vſes,
Thou wouldeſt ſcorne that Maidens ſhould be ſold,
As Cattell are for ſiluer and for gold.

Loue muſt be ſimple, harmeleſſe, pure and plaine,
And take originall from true affection;
It muſt reciprocall returne againe,
Or elſe it doth diſcouer imperfection. (deeds,
Loues inward thoughts concurre with outward
Such as from loyalty and truth proceeds.

Thy Louer comes not for aduancement to thee,
In that thy Father is a worthy Earle;
It is not Dowry that can cauſe him woo thee,
Had'ſt thou the *Arabian* gold, or *Indian* Pearle:
But as great *Iupiter* to *Leda* came
For a ſweet face, his purpoſe is the ſame.

Therefore, ſweet Virgin, vſe him kindly well,
Make much of *Guy*, imbrace him for thine owne:
Affoord him loue-roome in thy heart to dwell,
Let him no longer liue in penſiue moane:
But the next time thou doeſt behold his face,
Giue him encouragement, with kind imbrace.

And with that word (imbrace) he ſhot, and hit
The very center of her tender heart.
Feeling the wound, ſhe ſtarts awak't with it,
Being taught thereby to pitty Louers ſmart;
For *Cupid* drew his Arrow to the head,
Becauſe he would be ſure ſhe ſhould be ſped.

With that ſhe fetch'd a ſigh, a grieuous one,
And from her eyes a ſhowre of teares did fall:
Where is (quoth ſhe) the gentle Loue-god gone,
Whoſe power I find is powerfull vnto all?
Oh call him backe, my fault I doe confeſſe:
I haue in Loue beene too too pittileſſe.

Sweet Boy, ſollicite for me to thy Mother,
And at her Altars I will ſacrifice:
From this day forth, I will adore no other,
No Goddeſſe ſhall be gracious in mine eyes,
But ſhe that hath imperious rule and might,
To leade obdurate hearts to kind delight.

Compaſſion now hath worthy conqueſt made
Of that ſtrong Fort, which did reſiſtance make:
One ſhaft had beene ſufficient to perſwade
A League for Life, a Truce till Death doth take.
Guy more then Life doth *Phelice* loue preferre,
Phelice affects *Guy* deare, as he doth her.

But vnto him her loue is yet vnknowne,
Though his be made apparant long before:
He vnderſtands not that ſhe is his owne,
He feeles no ſalue apply'd vnto his ſore;
'Till forc'd by paſſions, and conſtrain'd laments,
A ſecond ſuite he boldly thus preſents.

Phelice, I was arraigned long agoe,
And now I looke for Iudgement at thy hand:
I haue beene priſoner in a Iayle of woe,
So long, that ſpeedy ſentence I demand:
Oh ſpeake vnto me either life or death!
For I am tyred with my vitall breath.

If kindneſſe dwell in that faire ſhape of thine,
Expreſſe it with (*I Loue:*) if none there be,
Then ſay, *I cannot vnto Loue incline*;
And ſo thou mak'ſt a quicke diſpatch with me.
Cenſure me ſodaine, either ſmile or frowne,
I will not liue thus for this Kingdomes Crowne.

Phelice reply'd, 'Tis not at my diſpoſe,
To faſhion Loue without my friends conſent;
What, would you wiſh me to be one of thoſe,
That are to Parents diſobedient?
Shall fond affection ouer-rule the will,
And doe you good, to be accounted ill?

You know my Fathers Greatneſſe in the Land,
And if he ſhould (as there's no other like)
The Loue of one too meane for me withſtand,
How could we bere the ſtroke, diſgrace would ſtrike?
Nothing but death could make my ſorrow ſweet,
And ſhame would wrap me in a Winding ſheet.

Doubt not of Father in this caſe (quoth he)
For *warwickes* Earle (that Honourable man)
Shall ſee ſuch deeds of valour done by me,
To haue diſlike he neither will nor can;
Inioyne me what aduentures thou thinkſt good;
That wounds and ſcars may let my body blood.

Why then (quoth ſhe) *Guy*, make thy valour ſhine
Throughout the world, as glorious as the Sunne,
My heart, my ſoule, my life, my loue is thine,
When deeds of honour by thy hands are done:
Make thy ſelfe famous by a Martiall life,
And then take *Phelice* for thy lawfull wife.

I aske no more (ſaid he) to gaine thy Loue,
I ſhall eſteeme it bought at eaſie rate:
Oh that I were at worke, my taske to proue,
With *Hercules*, or ſome ſuch churliſh Mate!
Phelice, farewell; this kiſſe thou giueſt me,
Shall make a number kiſſe the ground for thee.

From *England Guy* to *France* doth go,
Where deeds of armes are done:
And thence returnes triumphantly,
With all the Prizes wonne.

Canto 3.

INlarg'd from ſorrows thraldome, by hopes bayle,
Guy armes his thoughts with Honors enterprize;
Imbarkes himſelfe, and into *France* doth ſayle,
Leauing faire *England*, where his Comfort lies:
He ſeekes for Enemies, he longs for Foes,
And now deſires to be a dealing blowes.

In *Normandy* arriu'd, he vnderſtands,
That there was warlike buſineſſe to be done,
For valiant Knights, of diuers Chriſtian Lands,
The race of valour did intend to runne,
A great aduenture was propounded there,
Which newes was muſicke to his greedy eare.

The prize that drew them all vnto this place,
Was Daughter to the *Almane* Emperour,
Faire *Blanch*, with ſuch a wondrous heauenly face,
It had attractiue Beauty full of power.
In her, ſuch Graces did vnite together,
The Worthies of the world came poſting thither.

Who

Who wonne the Damſell (ſo it was thus decreed)
By manly courage, and victorious might,
Should haue her mounted on a milke white Steed,
'Two Gray-hounds and a Faulcon all as white:
This was his Lot that could attaine the Day,
To beare the Honour and the Maide away.

Our Engliſh Knight prepares him for the field,
Where Kings were preſent, Princes did repaire,
Where Dukes and Earles a great aſſembly held,
About the face that was ſo wondrous faire:
Though onely one muſt ſpeed, and hundreds miſſe,
Yet each man there imagin's *Blanch* is his.

The ſpacious Field where they aſſembled were,
Hardly afforded roome for armed crowdes,
The golden glittering Armour that was there,
Did dart the Sun beames backe vnto the clowdes.
The pamper'd Horſes proudly ſtampt the ground,
To heare the clangor of the Trumpets ſound.

A *Germane* Prince of an vndaunted ſprite,
A firſt and very fierce encounter gaue
Vnto an Earle, whoſe valour did requite,
With blow for blow, as reſolutely braue,
'Till by a ſtroke the Earle receiu'd on's head,
He was vn-horſt, falling to ground for dead.

Then *Guy* came forth with courage to the Prince,
And deales with him as *Hercules* would doe:
Like force he neuer felt before nor ſince,
Such hard extremes he ne'r was put vnto.
Iuſt where himſelfe had laid the Earle in ſwound,
There down comes he, both horſe & man to ground.

Duke *Otton* ſeeing this, was in a rage,
And deſp'rate humor did incenſe him ſo,
He vowed by heauens nothing ſhould aſſwage
His fury, but the death of the proud foe.
Prepare thee. Fight to breathe thy laſt (quoth he)
Monſter, Deuill, or whatſoe're thou be.

They ioyne together by a dreadfull fight.
The ſplinters fly, and clattering Armour ſounds:
The duſt aſcendeth vp, and blinds their ſight,
The blood allayes it ſtreaming from their wounds:
Both their ſwords brake, they light, and on his backe
Guy threw the Duke, that euen his bones did cracke.

Duke *Rather* would reuenge his Couſin then;
And for encounter he prepareth next:
Quoth *Guy*, I finde y'are wretches and no men,
That with a blow or fall ſo ſoone be vext,
But come, and welcome, I am for you all,
We ſay in *England*, *The weakeſt muſt to wall.*

They

They ruſh together, that the ground did ſhake,
While animating Trumpets ſound allarme,
In *Raniers* ſhoulder *Guy* a wound did make,
Whereby he loſt the vſe of his right arme:
Yeelding himſelfe as others did before,
Vnable once to wield his weapon more.

Then for a while all ſtood amaz'd at *Guy*,
And not a man was forward to proceed,
'Till *Louaines* Duke his fortunes went to try,
Hauing good hope that he ſhould better ſpeed,
Well mounted, and well arm'd, he faire did ſit,
On a proud Steed, that ill indur'd the bit.

I thinke (quoth he) thou ſome Inchanter art,
That haſt the force of Magicke in thy arme.
Ile teach thee to beleeue e're we depart,
Quoth *Guy*, for thou ſhalt feele that I can charme:
I'le coniure thee euen with an Iron ſpell,
My ſword ſhall ſend thee vnto heauen or hell.

With that he lent him ſuch a cruell ſtroke;
That th'other did returne a weake replie,
With ſecond and with third his Helmet broke.
Hold, hold, (quoth he) I'le rather yeeld then die.
Fight for a woman, he that liſt for me:
I thinke the Deuill cannot deale with thee.

Then not a man that would encounter more,
They all were terrified and ſtood in feare:
And in a rage amongſt themſelues they ſwore,
What, ſhall a Stranger all the honour beare
Of this great Day? what curſed fortune's this,
That all the glory of the Field is his?

Amongſt themſelues his happineſſe they curſt,
In enuies heate, not knowing what to doe,
They could haue kild him, but that no man durſt
Put his owne life in hazard thereunto.
If wiſhes might haue done it, he had dyde,
But fight with him not any could abide.

The Emperour, for *Guy*, a Knight did ſend,
Asking his Name and birth-place, which he told.
Then ſaid his Maieſtie, I much commend
Thy haughty Courage, reſolutely bold,
Braue Engliſh-man that art thy Countries pride,
In Europe liues not' ſuch a man beſide.

I doe admire thy worth, thy valour's great,
To ſpeake thy praiſe my tongue cannot ſuffice,
Aſcend to Honours iuſt deſerued ſeate,
That art a ſecond *Hector* in mine eyes,
This Day thy worthy hand hath ſhowne me more,
Then in my life I euer ſaw before.

Come and receiue thy due deſert from me,
My Daughters Loue is free at thy diſpoſe,
The Gray-hounds, Steed, and Faulcon, take to thee:
Thy worthineſſe doth merit more then thoſe.
Hold, here's a Iewell, weare it for my ſake:
Which I a witneſſe of my loue doe make.

Gwy thank'd his Highneſſe for his gracious fauour,
And vowd him ſeruice while his life did laſt:
Then to the Princeſſe with a milde behauiour,
A reuerent, humble, modeſt looke he caſt:
Saying, Faire Lady, Fortune is my friend,
That doth ſuch Beauty to my Lot extend.

Madam, accept your loyall Engliſh Knight,
To doe true ſeruice when you pleaſe command it,
Who while he hath a drop of blood, will fight
In your behalfe, againſt who dare withſtand it.
To be your Husband is degree too hye,
'Tis grace ſufficient, call me ſeruant *Gwy*.

In *England* doth my marriage Loue remaine,
To whom I muſt and will be true for euer:
About whoſe face Nature hath tooke ſuch paine,
I durſt haue ſworne, fleſh could haue matcht it neuer,
But now I finde (that curiouſly haueey'd her)
There is a Phœnix in the world beſide her.

And

And that's your selfe: I, dare the world deny it?
But which is faireſt, eyes cannot decide;
No humane iudgement in the world can try it,
Who hath moſt beauty, *Blanch*, or my faire Bride:
I dare be bold to call you beauties twinnes,
And *Venus*, Blackamore to both your skinnes.

Oh *Phelice*, here's thy Picture in this Princeſſe,
Me thinkes th'art preſent in her louely looke:
Thou that of my ſoules faculties art Miſtris,
Recorded in Times brazen-leaued booke:
To thee if I proue falſe, or be mis-led,
Ioues fearefull vengeance light vpon my head.

Quoth *Blanch*, Thy conſtancy (and ſighed deepe)
Is highly to be praiſed, thou doſt well:
He that Loues promiſe will not faithfull keepe,
In horror and in torments let him dwell.
But I ſuppoſe, thy vowes are yet to make,
And ſo what thy ſword won, thy heart may take.

What I auouch is true, the heauen knowes,
My proteſtations are aboue the skies;
Madam, the Sunne declines, day ancient growes,
I'le take my leaue of you in humble wiſe,
My body is vnto repoſe inclinde,
Although no reſt be in my troubled minde.

My

My troubled mind's in *Warwicke* Caſtle now,
Although my body be in *Normandie*:
Here I make others bend, there doe I bow,
And lowly as the humble ground doe lie,
Euen at Loues feete I caſt my ſelfe to ground,
Though victory my temples here haue crown'd.

I cannot ſtay, I muſt to *England* backe,
My mind mis-giues me *Phelice* is not well:
Like my ſad thoughts, my Armour ſhall be blacke;
I'le ſute me in a mournfull Iron ſhell:
For where the mind meetes with ſuſpicious cares,
Diſtruſt is euer dealing doubtfull ſhares.

Yet I haue much good fortune on my ſide,
That know the meanes how to attaine my bliſſe;
For *Phelice* Loue is to conditions tyde,
And I doe truſt ſhe is my owne by this:
By this ſhe may, but if ſhe more require,
There's nothing in the world I will deny're.

With haſty iourney he is homeward bound,
Leauiug the vulgar to their nine daies wonder:
Ariuing ſafely on the Engliſh ground,
Poſting to her, ſuppos'd too long aſunder:
Whom with more ioy his chearefull lookes behold,
Then can by pen, or lines of inke be told.

In France *all Knights of Chriſtendome,*
To winne a Princeſſe, meete:
Guy *conquers all, and winnes the prize,*
Then doth his Goddeſſe greete.

Cant. 4.

With the rewards of Victory,
Guy doth his Loue preſent:
But *Phelice* is not ſatisfied;
Him forth againe ſhe ſent.

Cant.4.

IN the ſuppoſed hauen of repoſe,
Hope caſteth Anchor for his Barke to ride:
With kind ſalute vnto his Loue he goes;
Who giues imbracements, and all things beſide
Befits affection, all ſuch complements,
As Loue can looke for, gracious ſhe preſents.

Faire Foe (quoth *Guy*) I come to challenge thee,
For there's no man that I can meete, will fight;
I haue beene where a crue of Cowards be,
Not one that dare maintaine a Ladies right:
Good proper fellowes of their tongues and tall,
That let me win a Princeſſe from them all.

Phelice, this ſword hath won an Emperours daughter,
As ſweet a Wench as liues in *Europes* ſpace:
At price of blowes, & bloody wounds I bought her,
Well worth my bargaine; but thy better face
Hath made me leaue her to ſome other Lot,
For I proteſt by Heauens, I loue her not.

This ſtately Steed, this Falcon, and theſe Hounds,
I tooke, as in full payment of the reſt:
For I will keepe my loue within the bounds
That doe encloſe the compaſſe of my breſt:
My conſtancy to thee is all my care,
Leauing all other Women as they are.

But Sweet-heart, tell me, ſhall I haue thee now?
Wilt thou conſent the Prieſt ſhall doe his part?
Art thou reſolued ſtill to keepe thy vow?
Is none but I halfe with thee in thy heart?
Canſt thou forſake the world, change Maiden life,
And helpe thy faithfull Louer to a wife?

Qd. *Phelice*, worthy Knight, my ioyes are great,
To vnderſtand thy Honourable deeds
It ſeemes, ſome were in ſuch a bloudy ſweat,
Their valour, fame, and reputation bleeds:
I giue thee humble thankes that for my ſake,
Such hard aduentures did'ſt vouchſafe to take.

To win a Princeſſe was a precious prize:
But ſure me thinkes, if I had beene ſir *Guy*,
She ſhould haue found more fauour in mine eyes,
Than take a Horſe, and turne a Lady by.
What, is a Horſe, a Falcon and a Hound,
More worthfull then a Lady ſo renown'd!

Perhaps

Perhaps you'l say, 'tis done for loue of me,
I doe imagine, nay beleeue it so:
And though I ieſt, I will doe more for thee,
Then thou, or any but my ſelfe doth know.
I'le neuer marry whiles lifes Glaſſe doth runne,
But onely thee: thee, or I'le die a Nunne.

But giue me leaue to ſpeake my minde (kinde Loue)
Let me locke vp my ſecrets in thy breſt:
I had a Viſion did affection moue;
Cupid came to me in my quiet reſt,
And did command me in his Mothers name,
To loue thee: thus perſwading to the ſame.

An armed man (iuſt as I ſee thee now)
He ſet before me, ſpeaking to me thus:
Phelice, be gentle-hearted, yeelding, bow,
Doe not oppoſe againſt the power of vs;
But all thy loue, thy loyalty and truth,
Beſtow it freely on this matchleſſe Youth.

Throughout the world, his fame ſhall be admired,
And mighty men ſhall tremble at his wrath:
To end Kings quarrels he ſhall be required,
His worthineſſe ſhall tread no common path,
But actions to be fear'd he ſhall effect,
Matters of moment, things of great reſpect.

This (in effect) he did to me relate,
And I haue beene obedient to his will:
Now if I would, I know not how to hate,
Of perfect kindneſſe I am taught the skill:
Beleeue me, *Guy*, for if it were not ſo,
This ſecret of my heart thou ſhould'ſt not know.

But now, my Loue, before thou doſt poſſeſſe
Thy conſtant *Phelice* in her marriage bed,
Thou muſt doe deeds of greater worthineſſe,
Then winning of a Lady with her Steed.
I'le euer loue thee, though thou doe ne'r more,
But will not grant the vſe of loue before.

Not grant me vſe of loue (quoth he) faire friend?
Why then of force I muſt abroad againe:
I will content thee, or I'le make an end
One way or other, ſlay or elſe be ſlaine:
E're I returne againe into this Realme,
Thou ſhalt confeſſe I haue fulfil'd thy Dreame.

Aſſiſt me, Heauens, as I meane vpright:
For I proteſt by all the powers Diuine,
No vniuſt quarrell ſhall procure me fight,
To wrong the wronged I will ne'r incline;
But ſtand for thoſe that by oppreſſion fall,
In Honours venture, be it life and all.

Come,

Come, my *Bellona*, doe thou gird my ſword,
Imbrace my Armour in thy Iuory armes;
And ſuch kind kiſſes as thou canſt afford,
Beſtow vpon me in the ſtead of Charmes:
I thinke vpon *Vlyſſes* louing Wife,
How thou art now to imitate her life.

Farewell, my *Phelice*, health and happineſſe
Attend thee euer, to thy hearts deſire:
And I beſeech God grant me like ſucceſſe,
As I reſolue my loue to thee entire.
At my returne, when *Mars* his buſineſſe ends,
My comfort is, *Hymen* will make amends.

And ſo vnto Earle *Rohand* he repaires,
And tels him he is come to take his leaue:
He muſt ſeeke out where honour dealeth ſhares,
To purchaſe that which worthy men receiue.
At home (ſayes he) my Honourable Lord,
I finde, that Valour nothing can afford.

Therefore I'le ſearch abroad what's to be done,
From Country vnto Kingdome I'le reſort:
By Natures courſe my Glaſſe hath much to runne:
I well may ſpare ſome yeeres for fighting ſport:
Of idleneſſe there's nothing comes but euill,
I hate a Coward as I hate the Deuill.

Guy (qd. the Earle) thou mak'ſt me grieue at this,
The newes is more then I can well indure?
Thy wiſhed company ſo ſoone to miſſe,
When I did make account I had beene ſure
Poſſeſt of thee, at thy late trauels end,
And doſt thou now iourneyes of new intend?

Remaine with me, truſt not to Fortunes power,
Though now ſhe haue ſo well and kindly dealt;
She may allot thee an vnlucky houre,
That inſtantly her fauours ſo haſt felt:
Her courteſies are moſt vnconſtant things,
Beleeue her not, ſhe dealeth falſe with Kings.

Triumphant on her wheele thou now doſt ſit,
And with Fames triumph thy glory doth remaine:
Oh! doe not ouer-raſhly hazard it;
Loſt honour is not eaſily got againe.
May not one curſed and vnhappy blow
Betray thy life to thy inſulting foe?

May not a Monſter, or a ſauage Beaſt:
At vnawares depriue thee of thy breath?
May not a Tyrant, when thou thinkeſt leaſt,
Cut off thy courſe, by an vntimely death?
May not a thouſand dangers on thee light,
Where but thy ſelfe, thy wronged ſelfe muſt right?

(Quoth

(Quoth *Guy*) My Lord, danger he may not feare,
That to aduentures doth himſelfe diſpoſe;
He muſt a mind of reſolution beare,
And thinke himſelfe too good for all his foes.
I'le neuer dread I ſhall be ouer-mand,
While I haue hands to fight, or legs to ſtand.

Therefore in humble ſort I leaue your Honour,
Wiſhing all health vnto your happy ſtate:
If Fortune take a frowning moode vpon her,
Why, ſhe ſhall ſee I will diſdaine her hate:
What ſtarre ſoeuer ſwai'd when I was borne,
I beare a mind will laugh miſ-hap to ſcorne.

Guy to the Duke of *Louaine* goes,
And ioynes with him in ſtrength,
Againſt the Emperout *Reyner*;
Then makes his peace at length.

Canto 5.

NOw *Guy* expects a fauourable gaile,
Which to his hearts deſire doth attaine,
And with a ſpeedy paſſage he doth ſaile,
To ſeeke aduentures out in *France* againe,
Where finding none, from thence away he hyes
To *Louaine*, where in ſiege the Emperour lyes.

For *Segwin*, Duke of *Louaines* hap was ſuch,
At Turnament a Nobleman to kill,
The Emperours Couſin, whom he loued much,
And tooke the death of him exceeding ill:
So that a quarrell there upon aroſe,
And warres enſu'd betwixt two mighty foes.

Thither goes *Guy* to lend the Duke his ayde;
But in the way an accident befell:
For by Duke *Otton* he was falſe betraide,
And's life in queſtion, which he free'd well.
Otton in *France* before diſgrac'd by *Guy*,
Had vow'd where-ere he met him, he ſhould dye.

And to that end, ſixteene appointed were,
To lie in ambuſh, and ſurprize him ſo,
All men of reſolution, voide of feare,
That in a Forreſt did themſelues beſtow,
And ſet on *Guy*, onely with three Knights more;
The like diſtreſſe he ne'r was in before.

Now Gentlemen, and louing friends (quoth he)
Shew your ſelues Engliſh-hearted, rightly bred:
Here is ſome oddes, ſixteene vnto you three,
But I the fourth will ſtand you in ſome ſted,
You three ſhall combat ſix, that's two for one,
And with the other ten let me alone.

Where-

Wherewith he drew his ſword, and laid a bout,
That ratling armour eccho'd in the ſkie,
Dealing ſo reſolute amongſt the rout,
That downe they drop on euery ſide and die.
Here lyeth one that hath no legs to ſtand,
And there another wanting head and hand.

Guy quickly made diſpatch of his halfe ſcore,
He was not long in ridding them away:
But then remained halfe a doozen more,
Which two of his moſt worthy Knights did ſlay;
When he perceiu'd them fall, he ſtampt the ground,
And vtter'd forth this fearefull angry ſound:

Ah villaines, how my ſoule abhorres this ſight!
For theſe, how my reuenging paſſion ſtriues!
This bloody deed, with blood I will requite;
You die for it, had each a thouſand liues:
Two ſlaine out-right, and *Heraud* wounded too,
Is the laſt curſed act that you ſhall doe.

With force (as'twere exceeding humane ſtrength)
He laies vpon them blowes to ſtagger vnder,
And brings them breathles to the ground, at length
Cut all in piece-meale for the Crowes aſunder:
There lie (quoth he) and feaſt Fowles of the ayre
Or feede thoſe ſauage beaſts that will repaire.

But these sweet *Gentlemen* that resign'd
Their dearest liues, euen for the loue of me;
And came from *England* as their loue inclin'd,
Companions in my hardest haps to be,
I will interre in honourable wise,
With best solemnitie I can deuise.

From thence vnto a Hermit dwelling nye,
He rode, and did commit that charge with care;
Who did performe the office carefully,
And *Heraud* home vnto his Cell he bare;
Who was not dead, thuogh *Guy* suppos'd him slaine,
But by the Hermit was restor'd againe.

Now forth goes *Guy*, pensiue, perplexed, sad,
Grieuing that Destiny so cruelly dealt;
For left alone, no company he had,
To ease the torments that in heart he felt:
Till trauailing along, at last he found
A place for honour, very much renown'd.

There did he meete with Tilt and Turnament,
And entertain'd both glory and delight:
There Fortune yeelded him her full consent,
To win the best of euery valiant Knight:
All the worthy men that did resort,
None could match him in Duke *Reyners* Court.

Then

Then to the Duke of *Millane* he repaires,
Where, by his worth he is admir'd of all:
And vnderſtanding that ſome great affaires,
'Twixt *Segwin* Duke of *Louaine* did befall,
And th'Emperour, *Millane* he did forſake,
And towards *Louaine*, did his iourney take.

As he did paſſe vpon the way, he meetes
A Pilgrim, that with trauaile ſeemed faint:
Whom in all humane courteſie he greetes,
And with ſome newes intreates him to acquaint
His longing eare: he with a ſigh or two,
Said Sir, With newes I little haue to doe.

One thing in all this world is all my care,
And onely that, and nothing elſe I mind:
I ſeeke a man, and ſeeke him in deſpaire,
Becauſe I long haue ſought, and cannot find:
A man more dearely to my ſoules-loue tide,
Then all the men are in the world beſide.

Why, what art thou, (quoth *Guy*) or who is he?
Of kindneſſe be ſo kind as tell in brieſe,
I am an Engliſh man of Knights degree,
(Quoth *Heraud*) and the ſubiect of my grieſe,
Is loſſe of one Sir *Guy*, my Country-man:
Guy with ioyes teares lights to imbrace him than.

And art thou liuing, *Heraud*, my deare friend,
(Quoth he) and kindly tooke him in his armes?
Then cheerefully let ſorrowes all take end,
And let me know who cur'd thee of thy harmes?
The good old Hermit by his skill did ſaue me,
With wholeſome medicines, and ſalues he gaue me.

Guy did reioyce, and *Heraulds* ioyes abound,
At this ſo good and happy accident:
No angry ſtarre in oppoſition frown'd,
But each was Owner of his owne content.
So poaſting with good fortune on their ſide,
Vnto the Duke of *Lonaine* they doe ride.

The Citty in diſtreſſe beſieg'd they finde,
And very ſmall reſiſtance could be made:
But *Segwin* was right ioyfull in his minde,
That worthy *Guy* was come vnto his ayde.
For now (quoth he) boldly preſume I can,
We haue an Honourable valiant man.

Aduiſe me, warlike Knight, what's to be done,
To free the preſent danger we are in?
My Lord (quoth *Guy*) there's freedome to be wonne,
Euen by a courſe, my ſelfe will firſt begin:
Let's iſſue forth vpon them preſently,
Our courages will make the Cowards flye.

I'le

I'le giue conſent to any thing thou wilt,
Thy proiect willingly I doe approue:
Let limbe be loſt, let life and blood be ſpilt,
All follow thee, that come to me in loue.
Open the gates, let's beate them from our walles:
He lies no lower then the ground that falles.

Then ſuddainly the Citty they forſake,
And on the *Almaines* reſolutely ſet;
Where ſuch a bloody ſlaughter they did make,
That many thouſands lyues paid death his debt.
Of thirty thouſand that in ſiege there lay,
Scarce thirty hundred that eſcap'd away.

The Emperour at this was much agrieu'd,
And with new Forces gaue a new aſſault:
Knowing the Citty could not be relieu'd,
And then their ſtrength would weaken by default:
So comes vpon them with a freſh ſupply,
Thinking at length to famiſh them thereby.

Gay and the Duke vpon the walles appeare,
And tell him he ſhall neuer winne the Towne:
For they can ſpare their Soldiers much good cheere,
Throwing them Victuals in abundance downe.
In treating them if they want more then that,
To ſpeake, they ſhall haue ſtore to make them fat.

But now (quoth *Guy*) your bodies are well fed,
How doe you feele your ſtomackes to goe fight?
I am afraid you are not rightly bred,
But dunghils, that will ſooner crow then bite:
For ſtill when Cowards doe begin a fray,
Looke ere it ends, to ſee them runne away.

And ſo your ſelues haue lately done, we ſee,
Your tongues were heard, but hands there's no man (feeles:
Moſt hot to brabble and contend you be,
But wondrous quicke and nimble at your heeles:
We did ſuſpect when you came here to forage,
We ſhould haue bin encumbred with your courage.

But 'tis not ſo, alas, y'are not the men,
Vnleſſe perhaps aſleepe you ſhould vs catch:
For waking weele encounter one for ten,
And neuer wiſh to haue a better match.
Haue at you once againe, ſet faſt, we come,
March on my hearts, ſound trumpets, ſtrike vp drum.

Vpon the ſuddaine, with the foe they be,
Fighting like men that laugh'd pale death to ſcorne:
Reſolued now they would their Citty free,
Or neuer liue to ſee the next day morne.
Much blood was ſhed, great ſtore of liues it coſt,
And on the *Almaines* ſide the field was loſt.

The

The Duke and *Guy* purſue their foes in chaſe,
Who like ſo many Hares away doe flie;
Wiſhing that they had wings to mend their pace,
So ſweet is life to them that feare to die:
But Fortune in an angry doome decreed,
Their glory, honour, fame, and life ſhould bleed.

The Victors to the Citty then retired,
With Trophies of triumphant glory wonne:
And all that heard the action, much admired
The great exploit, ſo reſolutely done:
But vnto *Guy*, the Duke all thankes did yeeld,
For thou (quoth he) art *Cæſar* of our field.

My Lord (quoth *Guy*) I ioy not halfe ſo much,
That we haue wrought a freedome by the ſword,
As I ſhould glory, if my hap were ſuch,
'Twixt you and th'Emperour to make accord:
Giue me but leaue, I will endeauour it,
And put good will to a blunt Souldiers wit.

The Duke conſents with thankes, and doth intreat
Him take a guard of Souldiers forth the Towne;
Danger that ſeemes but little, may proue great,
I would not haue thee wrong'd for *Reyners* Crowne.
Goe, Honourable man, what thou ſhalt doe,
I'le ſet my hand, my heart, my life thereto.

Guy goes vnto the Emperour, ſpeakes thus:
High Maieſtie, all health vnto thy Grace,
And Peace to thee, if thou ſay Peace to vs;
And Loue to thee, if Loue thou wilt imbrace:
As we are Chriſtians, let vs warre no more,
But fight 'gainſt ſuch as will not God adore.

We ſue not to thee in a ſeruile manner,
As dreading any power or force thou haſt;
For victory doth now diſplay his Banner,
And warre yeelds vs a ſweet and pleaſant taſte:
No cauſe doth moue it, but a Conſcience cauſe,
To bring the Heathens to religious lawes.

Speake *Reyner*, and reſolue, what wilt thou doe?
With Souldiers breuity my Meſſage ends?
Giue me an anſwer euen as briefe thereto:
Shall wee be Chriſtian foes, or Chriſtian friends?
Shall wee among ourſelues that name deuide?
Or challenge thoſe that haue the ſame deuide?

Braue Engliſh-man, hadſt thou ſpoke thus before,
Thouſands (qd. he) had liu'd which now are ſlaine:
Earth ſhould haue wanted of that ſlaughtered ſtore,
Which in her vaſty bowels now remaine,
Thou haſt preuail'd with me, here warre ſhall ceaſe,
And I imbrace thee as a friend of Peace.

Thy motion tends to honour, honours Knight,
And thou ſhalt liue in fames immortall praiſe:
When thou art buried in eternall night,
Thy name ſhall laſt the longeſt length of daies,
Thou doſt the Worthies of the world exceed,
Bleſt be thy Country did thy perſon breed.

Come, goe my Liege (quoth *Guy*) vnto the Towne,
And with Duke *Segwin* there a League renue:
Our ends ſhall be to pull the Pagans downe,
That vnto Chriſts Religion are vntrue.
My greateſt ioy will be, to heare it ſaid,
This is the beſt daies worke that e're *Guy* made.

Guy with a thouſand choſen men
Againſt the Pagans goes: (felt
And makes them curſe that e're they
The force of Chriſtian blowes.

Cant. 6.

THe power of Peace hath vanquiſh't ſtubborne (war,
And mighty Princes worthily conclude,
The ſword ſhall ruſt in ſheath, before it iarre,
To be with blood of Innocents imbrew'd:
Chriſtians in name and action to vnite,
Gainſt vnbeleeuing Infidels to fight.

Guy with a thouſand men doth take his leaue,
To harken further after martiall newes,
And doth a true intelligence receiue,
That barb'rous Pagans, Sarazens and Iewes,
Turkes, and the like, of *Mahomets* blinde crue,
In moſt confuſed warre, each other ſlew.

To them he goes partiall on neither part,
(His ſword did fauour euery ſide alike)
They all were odious to him in his heart,
Which arm'd his hand with vigor for to ſtrike,
And worke amazement vnto their contending,
Comming ſo roughly to their quarrels ending.

(Quoth they amongſt themſelues) What fellow's this,
That layes about him like a madman thus?
Of certainty, more then a man he is;
For humane force would feare to fight with vs:
But if he be as ſeemeth by his ſhape,
Had he ten thouſand liues, he ſhould not ſcape.

Then did a haughty Pagan ſtep to *Guy*,
And ſaid to him, If valour in thee reſt,
Let's haue a little ſport 'twixt thee and I,
Onely to ſee which of our ſwords cuts beſt:
Thou haſt a weapon there, like a Reed:
Me thinkes it is too blunt to make one bleed.

Too

Too blunt (quoth *Guy*) and in his anger groanes,
Pagan, I like thy humour passing well;
I'le whet it e're we part, vpon thy bones,
And then another tale thou wilt me tell:
If it should faile me now, it were a wonder,
Such Lubbers it hath often hew'd in sunder.

But come, art ready? bid thy friends adiew,
And say thy praiers vnto thy Pagan gods;
For I doe meane to vse thee like a Iew,
Because with Christians thou dost liue at ods.
Looke that thy head be set on sure and fast,
Or mortall man, I'le proue thee but a blast.

Then did they lend each other lusty knockes,
That sparkes of fire from their Helmets flye:
The partiall multitude about them flockes,
Expecting all, the end and death of *Guy*:
For *Coldran* whom he fought withall was strong,
And had bin Champion to the Pagans long.

At length *Guy* lent him such a speeding blow,
That downe comes *Coldran* & his strength to ground.
Pagan (quoth he) is my sword sharpe or no,
With which euen now so blunt a fault you found?
Rise quicke, for if thy legs thou canst not feele,
Off goes thy head, as true as this is steele.

Forthwith he made him ſhorter by the head:
And that vnto the Emperour he ſent:
The Infidels grew all aſtoniſhed,
For they in *Coldran* were ſo confident,
They durſt haue ventur'd goods, and life, and limbe,
On any combate that was fought by him.

Then *Heraud* (to giue *Guy* ſome breathing ſpace)
Challeng'd a Pagan called *Elmadant*;
And dar'd him, and defi'd him to his face;
(For valiant *Heraud* did no courage want)
The Pagan ſomewat hot with furie fild,
Did combat, being quickly cool'd and kild.

Preſently *Guy* vnto another comes,
Call'd *Morgadour*, and ſoundly with his blade
Layes on him, and his ſences ſo benummes,
He tumbles head-long like a tired Iade. (downe,
The Pagans ſeeing their Champions thus goe
Forſooke the Field, retyring to the Towne.

Where a moſt bloody tyrant bare the ſway,
Who hearing what had hapned, full foire,
Went armed to the Tent whereas *Guy* lay,
And did a combat at his hands require.
Villaine (quoth he) whom like a Dog I ſcorne,
Ile make thee curſe the time that thou waſt borne.

Know

Know Runagate, I come to fetch thy head,
For to a Lady I haue promis'd it:
My Curres ſhall with thy Engliſh fleſh be fed,
They muſt deuoure thy body eu'ry bit:
Come, I haue vow'd by *Mahomet* thou dy'ſt,
Thou canſt not ſcape by truſting in thy Chriſt.

And haſt thou giuen away my head (quoth he)
Vnto a Lady? 'tis a braue intent:
An honeſt man will his words maſter be;
And neuer promiſe more then he hath meant.
Come on thy wayes and take it quickly off,
Or elſe the Lady will ſuppoſe you ſcoffe.

With proud diſdaine together then they ruſh,
Laying it on as faſt as both could driue:
But *Eskeldart*, *Guyes* ſword did ſo becruſh,
That for his head he durſt no longer ſtriue:
But on the ſuddaine for to ſaue his owne,
Put's ſpur's to horſe, and all in poaſt is gone.

Guy then returnes to *Heraud*, and declares
What a bold fellow came to fetch his head:
Who ſmiling at it, merrily prepares
To tell of his aduentures, how he ſped,
With a falſe Coward called *Adelart*,
That wounded him with an enuenom'd dart.

And being hurt moſt dangerouſly ſo,
Was intercepted e're he could retire,
By *Eſtellard*; a proud inſultnig foe,
Compos'd of cruelty and diuelliſh ire.
But (quoth ſir *Herand*) e're our fray was done,
I made them wiſh it neuer had begun.

For *Addellart* I wounded in the ſide,
And *Eſtellard* I curtaild by the knees:
Then left them lying, Death to be their guide,
Vnto the Iayle where wormes doe claime their fees:
So when theſe two were ſeene to fall downe dead,
All th'other Pagans with amazement fled.

Why then (quoth Guy) all's quiet, I perceiue
Theſe Miſcreants like vnto Foxes hye:
But gentle *Herand*, e're we take our leaue,
One Combat more I am reſolu'd to trye:
The Generall of this accurſed rout,
Shall be the man I meane to ſingle out.

They tearme him mighty Souldan' Friend, I long,
To make a proofe if he deſerue the name,
I am in doubt they doe him mighty wrong,
If might be wanting to auouch the ſame;
Titles of worth become baſe Cowards ill,
I'le try what's in him, hap what-euer will.

Nay

Nay *Heraud*, leaue me, prethee doe forbeare,
I will be ſpeedy, tarry in this Wood:
Goe to yon graſſie banke, repoſe thee there,
And with this Balſome, ſtay thoſe drops of blood,
Ere *Phœbus* in the Occident decline;
Death ſhall conclude the *Souldans* life or mine.

Said *Heraud*, Since thou wilt not let me goe,
But doſt appoint this bed of Earth to beare me,
Till thou returne, I will conuerſe with woe,
And will not ſuffer any Bird ſing neere me.
With longing eyes, and carefull liſt'ning eares,
Ile ſpend thy abſent time in prayers and teares.

Guy poaſts with ſpeed, and doth the *Souldan* finde,
And thus he ſpeakes: *Art thou that man of might,*
Surnamed ſo by Tongues, and peoples winde?
Heere is a Chriſtian *comes to dare thee fight:*
Both Mahomet *and thee I doe defie,*
And heer's a Sword I will maintaine it by.

The *Souldan* with a ſtaring looke, replies,
Thou Chriſtian *Slaue, ile chaſtiſe thee with Steele,*
Thou art a nodious creature in mine eyes,
And thy preſumption ſhall my Fury feele.
With that at *Guy* he ranne with all his force:
Their Lances brake, and each forſooke his Horſe.

Then by the ſword the Victor muſt preuaile,
Which manly force makes deadly wounds withall,
Cutting through armour mangling ſhirts of male,
That at the laſt, downe did the *Souldan* fall,
Sending blaſphemous curſes to the ſky,
And caſting hand-fuls of his blood at *Guy*.

Who preſently tooke Horſe, and then retir'd
To *Heraud*, whom he found in ſlumber layde,
Riſe friend (quoth he) the time is now expir'd,
An end with mighty *Souldan* I haue made.
With that he roſe with ioy, and loues imbrace,
And forth they trauell to another place.

Guy takes a Princely Lyons part,
and doth a Dragon kill;
Then frees fayre *Oſſile* from miſ-haps,
That elſe had fared ill.

Canto 7.

PAſſing the Deſarts now, where ſhady trees
Embrac'd each other in their green-leau'd arms,
Where Lady Ecchoes dwelling beſt agrees,
And little Birds ſing feareleſſe of their harmes:
They chanſt to finde a pleaſant ſiluer Spring,
Which water to them was a pleaſant thing.

Hu Laay ſends him forth againe,
Whoſe will hee doth obey:
And manfully a Dragon kils,
To part a cruell fray.

There with the Chriſtall ſtreames they coole their heat,
And ſlacke the thirſt they had endured long,
There did they make the hearbs and roots their meat,
To ſatisfie for Natures hungry wrong;
But on the ſuddaine at a noyſe they wonder,
A Lyon roar'd as if great *Ioue* did thunder.

Herauld (quoth *Guy*) to horſe, let's be prepar'd,
And leaue our Dinner till another day:
Heere is a ſound, I neuer was ſo ſcar'd,
Ile ſeeke it out, it comes from yonder way,
Some Monſter or ſome Deuill makes a noyſe,
For on my life it is no humane voyce.

So forth he rides, and vnderneath a hill,
He findes a Dragon, with a Lyon met:
Braue ſport (ſaid he) I pray fight out your fill,
And then vpon the ſtrongeſt I will ſet:
Which of the twaine that firſt aſide doth ſtart,
I am a friend that will maintaine his part.

The Dragon windes his crooked knotted tayle,
About the Lyons Legs, to caſt him ſo,
The Lyon faſtens on his rugged ſcale,
And nimbly doth auoid that ouerthrow:
Then tooth and nayle, they cruell teare and bite:
Maintaining long a fierce and bloody fight.

At laſt, the Lyon faintly turnes aſide,
And lookes about, as if he would be gone:
Nay then (quoth *Guy*) Dragon, haue at your hide,
Defend your Deuils face, Ile lay it on.
With that couragiouſly to worke he goes,
And deales the Dragon very manly blowes.

The vgly Beaſt (with flaggie wings diſplay'd)
Comes at him mainely, with moſt dreadfull pawes,
Whoſe very lookes might make a man afray'd,
So terrible ſeemed his deuouring jawes,
Wide gaping, griſly, like the mouth of Hell;
More horrible then Pen or Tongue can tell.

His blazing eyes did burne like liuing fire,
And forth his ſmoaking gorge came ſulphur ſmoke,
Aloft his ſpeckled breſt he lifted higher
Then *Guy* could reach at length of weapons ſtroke.
Thus in moſt irefull moode him ſelfe he bore,
And gaue a cry, as Seas are wont to rore.

With that his mortall ſting he ſtretched out,
Exceeding farre the ſharpeſt point of Steele:
Then turnes and windes his ſcaly tayle about
The Horſes legs, more nimbly then an Eele:
With that, *Guy* hewes vpon him with his blade,
And three mens ſtrength to euery ſtroke he layde.

One fatall blow he gaue him in the ſide,
From whence did iſſue ſtreames of ſwarty blood,
The ſword had made a paſſage broad and wide,
That deepe into the Monſters gore *Guy* ſtood:
Then with a ſecond wound he ouertooke him,
Which made the Dragon turne, to haue forſook him.

Nay then (quoth he) thou haſt not long to liue,
I ſee thou fainteſt at the point to fall,
Then ſuch a ſtroake of death he did him giue,
That downe comes Dragon, crying out withall
So horrible, the ſound did more affright
The Conquerour, then all the dreadfull fight.

A way he rides, and lets that Hell-hound lye,
But looking backe, eſpies behind his Horſe
The Lyon comming after, very nye,
Which makes him light, to follow manly force:
But when the Beaſt beheld his weapon drawne,
He came to him, and like a Dogge did fawne,

Like to that gratefull Lyon which did free
Androdus life, for pulling out a thorne,
When for offence he ſhould by Lawes decree
Within the Theater by Beaſts be torne.
The Lyon came and lik'd him very kinde,
Bearing (as ſeem'd) an old good turne in minde.

Euen

Euen ſo this gentle creature deales with him,
For that ſame benefit which he had done,
Although by Nature cruell, ſterce, and grim,
Yet like a Spaniell by his Horſe did runne,
Continuing many dayes, with great deſire,
Till extreme hunger forced him retire.

Now towards the Sea, *Guy* doth his iourney take,
Imbarkes for *France*: but by contrary wind
Arriues in *Almaine*, where the Nobles make
Great triumph for him, and with ioyfull mind,
The Emperour reioyceth he is come,
And bids him welcome into Chriſtendome.

There is he entertain'd with Turnament,
With Kingly banquets, Princely reuelling:
And multitudes to giue their eyes content,
Attend him with their throng, ſtill wondering
At all his worthy acts report had ſpred,
Wherewith their eares moſt ſtrangely haue bin fed.

From thence he trauailes toward his louing friend,
The Duke of *Louaine*, whom he long'd to ſee:
But ere he came vnto his iourneys end,
A wronged Lady he did worthy free:
Which violently was from her Loue bereft,
And he at point of death, ſore wounded left.

Thus

Thus it befell, *Terry* a valiant Earle,
With his deare Loue, ſurnam'd *Oſile* the faire,
(His precious Iemme, ineſtimable pearle)
Into a Forreſt went to take the ayre:
Whereas a plot was layde to take his life,
And make his beautious Loue, anothers Wife.

Vpon the ſuddaine ſixteene villaines came,
Vnto the Earle, and did him grieuous wound.
Sirra (quoth one) thou haſt a wench we claime,
She muſt with vs, lye thou there on the ground,
And the next Paſſenger that thou doeſt ſee,
Intreat him make a Graue, to bury thee.

Guy finding *Terry* thus, hearing his plaint,
Doth comfort him in kindeſt ſort he can:
Who with the loſſe of blood doth weakely faint,
With force of deadly colour, pale and wan:
Courage (quoth he) Ile fetch thy Loue againe,
Or ſay that *Guy* is but a Coward ſwaine.

When *Terry* heard that name, he did reuiue,
For vnto him *Guyes* worthy deedes were knowne:
And lifting vp himſelfe from ground, did ſtriue,
For to imbrace him in deepe paſſions groane,
Thankes gracious heauens, (qd, he) with ſoule and (heart,
For ſending thee, to take my wronged part.

Which

Which is the way (quoth he) thoſe Villaines went.
That path, ſaid wofull *Terry*, by yon Oke:
Haue after them, this deed they ſhall repent,
As I am a Chriſtian Knight: and as he ſpoke
He heard a ſhrike, which was the Ladyes cry.
So by that ſound, he did them ſoone deſcry.

Comming vnto them, Wretched ſlaues (quoth he)
What doe you purpoſe with this Lady heer?
Inlarge her preſently, and ſet her free,
You haue done wrongs, that will be rated deere.
Her Husband wounded, ſhe vſde violent,
Will coſt you liues apiece incontinent.

With that they laugh'd, and ſaid, What foole's this
Or rather mad man in his deſp'rate minde, (ſame,
That meanes by wilfull death, to get a name,
And haue the world report he hath beene kinde?
The fellow ſure is in ſome franticke fit,
And meanes to fight, without both feare or wit.

Like ſo (quoth he) the fit that's on me now,
You ſhall all find to be a raging one;
With that he ſhowes them *Mars* his angry brow,
And bids the Lady ceaſe her penſiue mone,
Saying, Good Madame, vnto ioy incline:
For ſundenly the Raſcals will be mine

Then with a courage admirable bold,
At euery blowe ſome one or other dyes:
Which when the gentle Lady did behold,
Oh pitty, worthy Knight, ſhe cryes:
Theſe mortall wounds I can no longer ſee,
Be not ſo bloody in reuenging me.

Vpon my knees I doe intreate thee ſtay,
This is to me a terrifying ſight:
Oh, with their liues thou takeſt mine away,
If one dye more, I fainting yeeld my ſprite.
Thou worthily my honour haſt defended,
Let the reuenging of my wrongs be ended.

Lady (quoth he) I ceaſe at your requeſt.
Depart baſe Raſcals, all but two be gon:
But Villaines you did binde her for the reſt,
And ſtrooke them with his ſword (the ſcabbard on)
That downe the ground they fell, making this ſcuſe,
My Lord, we onely kept her to thy vſe.

Then on his Steed he lets the Lady ride,
To ſeeke her Lord, whom ſhe had left diſtreſt:
And *Guy* vnto the place became her guide,
Where comming they did finde him, careſull dreſt:
For in their abſence came a Hermit by,
Which to his bleeding wounds did ſalue apply.

Terry and *Osile* in their ioyes abound,
And gratefully to *Guy* all thankes doe giue:
Be thou (said they) in life and death renown'd,
Whom we will honour while we breathing liue.
Hold, heer's my hand (quoth *Terry*) worthy *Guy*,
In fight for thee I would be proud to dye.

Guy takes Earle *Terryes* Fathers part,
And kills the Duke his foe:
With sword destroyes a cruell Bore,
Preuenting dangers so.

Cant. 8.

NOw *Titans* Horse with his fiery Carre,
Had brought the day to darknes in the West:
And *Vesper*, that same siluer-shining Starre,
Which doth adorne the sky at Euening best,
Appear'd as bright as *Cynthia* in her Sphære,
To welcome sable nights approching neere.

When *Terry*, *Guy*, and *Osile*, wanting guide,
Did stray about the vnfrequented wood,
Hearing the saluage noyse on eu'ry side,
Of Beasts that thirsted after humane blood,
As Bores, and Beares, and Lyons, and the like:
Which to their hearts did some amazement strike,

On euery ſide they caſt a heedfull eye,
Still doubting on the ſodaine ſome ſurprize.
At length two armed men they did eſpy,
That alſo liſten to thoſe fearefull cries,
Each had his ſword in hand, being ready drawne,
Knowing, that place did yeeld no Dogs would fawne.

Comming more neere, Sir *Heraud* was the one,
The other euen as dearely *Terryes* friend; (knowne:
Who with embracements made their gladneſſe
And then the Earle demanded to what end
His louing Couſin paſs'd the daſert ſo?
My Lord (quoth he) to bring thee newes of woe.

Thy noble Father is beſieged now,
In his ſtrong Caſtle, by Duke *Ottons* power:
Who hath proteſted by a ſolemne vow,
About his eares he will pull downe the Tower,
In a reuenge that thou his Loue haſt got:
He ſweares thy Fathers life eſcapeth not.

His Loue (quoth *Terry*) preethee *Oſile* ſpeake,
Acquaint this worthy man with thy ſoules thought,
Haue I procur'd thee any faith to breake?
Or bin the inſtigator vnto ought
That is vniuſt in righteous Heauens ſight?
Neuer (quoth *Oſile*) thou haſt bin vpright.

That

That wretched man would force my Loue away,
In claiming that, I ne're intend to giue,
I will be thine vntill my dying day,
Thou ſhalt enioy me all the houres I liue,
And when I alter this determination,
Let Gods, and men, hold me in deteſtation.

Well ſpake (ſaid *Guy*) Lady, be conſtant euer,
And honours blemiſh then thou needſt not doubt,
Keepe Loues foundation firme, alter it neuer,
It is for Loue I range the world about,
And doe expoſe my life to mortall danger,
In this exiled ſtate, an vnknowne ſtranger.

But *Terry*, wherefore are thy lookes ſo ſad,
That hath thy Loue in perſon to embrace?
As farre as *England* mine is to be had,
And many yeeres I haue not ſeene her face.
It were enough to bring my hopes to end,
But that my patience is a truſty friend.

My Lord (ſaid *Terry*) know you not my griefe?
And heard this Meſſenger relate the cauſe?
Oh, my diſtreſſed Father wants reliefe,
I were a Rebell vnto Natures lawes,
Not to condole with him in his extreme,
Making his troubles my true ſorrowes Theame.

If that be all (quoth he) thou are to blame,
There is no cauſe to ſpend a fight thereon:
Ile terrifie Duke *Otton* with my name;
Let him but heare I come, and he'le be gon:
Some thing betweene vs may not be forgot,
He felt my ſword in *France*, but lik't it not.

Since that againſt my life a plot he laide,
By Villaines that ſurpriz'd me in a wood,
But treachery with vengeance was repaide.
Who euer knew a Traitors end proue good?
Accurſed haps attend them euermore:
In brazen Bull *Perillus* did firſt rore.

I will goe with thee to defend thy Father,
(For the oppreſſed I haue vow'd to right)
And reaſon moues it, ſo much therather,
Mine owne abuſes therewith to requite,
This opportunity weele not omit,
In that occaſion falleth out ſo fit.

Let's haſten on with ſpeed vnto the place,
Preuenting miſchiefe ere too farre it runne,
Take hold on Time before he turnes his face,
Good proueth beſt when it is ſooneſt done.
Goe like *Eneas* with a filiall ioy,
To fetch thine old *Anchiſes* out of *Troy*.

Couragious Knight (quoth *Terry*) thy bold heart
Cannot be daunted, I perceiue with feare:
Compos'd of *Mars* his element thou art,
Of powerfull limbes to manage ſword and ſpeare:
My melancholy thou haſt baniſh'd hence,
And with ſtrong hope arm'd me in recompence.

Now all in poaſt they ſpeed themſelues away,
And in ſhort time vnto the Caſtle come,
Whereas Duke *Otton* with his forces lay,
Relying on his Souldiers ample ſumme:
But when the Captaines of *Guyes* comming knew,
They fled by night, and neuer bad adew.

This was diſcouragement to all the reſt,
To ſee their Leaders thus giue ground and flie:
Yet did the Duke moſt reſolute proteſt,
If each man in the Caſtle were a *Guy*,
He would not leaue it baſely, and retire:
Though life be deare, yet honours place is hyer.

Terry (ſaid *Guy*) we muſt not tedious be:
Experience often hath my Tutor bin,
And taught, that when aduantage I doe ſee,
To faſten on occaſion, and begin,
The Enemy by feare himſelfe ſubdues,
Adde force to that, and victory enſues.

We will not make our prison of this place,
As long as there is field-roome to be got:
Tis my desire to meete the Dukes good grace,
And combat him, because he loues me not.
If that you will not leaue this house of stone,
Ile leaue you all, and goe my selfe alone.

And with these words *Herauld* and he depart,
Which when the Castle-souldiers did perceiue,
They gaue a showt, Our Generall thou art,
Thy honourable steps we will not leaue,
We are resolued to attend thee still:
Let Fortune vse vs, euen as Fortune will.

And thus most valiant they doe march along,
Giuing the onset, scarelesse to their foe,
Making those multitudes that seeme so strong,
Retire themselues, with slaughtered ouer thr[illegible]
But when the Duke perceiu'd his Souldiers [illegible]:
Perish (quoth he) base villaines, here Ile die.

Where is this *English-man* that haunts my ghost,
And thus pursueth me from place to place?
I challenge him to come and leaue the Host,
And meet with resolution, face to face,
Let equall enuy make this equall match,
All controuersies we will soone dispatch.

Agreed

Agree (quoth *Guy*) proud foe, I yeeld consent,
Repent thy wrongs, and make thy conscience cleare,
For thou hast liu'd to see thy honour spent,
Which worthy men of all things hold most deare.
The noble-minded censure him with shame,
That liues to see the death of his good name.

Then toward each other they did mainely make,
And brake their Launces very violent:
Which being done, their swords in hand they take,
Fighting vntill great store of blood was spent.
For enuy did the Dukes keene weapon whet,
And on *Guyes* sword, reuenge an edge did set.

At length through losse of blood the Duke fell down
And said, Now fond felicity fare-well,
I am betrai'd by Fortunes angry frowne,
And this, experience to the world doth tell,
Ther's nothing constant that the earth containes,
Death deales with Monarks, as with simple Swaines.

Bewitching vanities, seducing blind vs,
Greatnes hath great accounts thereon depending,
As death doth leaue vs, so shall Iudgement finde vs,
There is no peace vnto a happy ending:
My dying houre yeelds more repentant grace,
Then in my life I euer could embrace.

Th'immortall ſoule doth with theſe words depart,
And leaues the breathleſſe body did containe it:
While wofull paſſions doe afflict *Guyes* heart,
Now wiſhing to himſelfe he had not ſlaine it:
For true Humanitie compaſſion ſhowes:
To ſee afflictions ouer-burthen woes.

Guy ſheath'd his ſword, and ſaid, Remaine thou there,
Vntill I doe arriue on *Englands* ſhore:
No further quarrell to the world I beare,
For loue of *Phelice* I will bleed no more:
From her I haue bin too too long away,
And will returne to challenge Souldiers pay.

So thence he rode to finde Sir *Heraud* out:
Making his iourney through a Deſart place,
Which was obſcure, enuiron'd round about
With ſhady trees, that hid bright *Phœbus* face:
Where ſuddenly he met the hugeſt Bore,
That euer mortall eye beheld before.

The beaſt came at him moſt exceeding fell,
Which he preuenting, ſtands vpon his guard,
And doth auoid thoſe dreadfull Tuskes right well,
Laying vpon the Swiniſh head ſo hard,
That dead he left him who had many ſlaine,
For forth that wood, no man came backe againe.

When

When this was done, *Heraud* he ouertakes,
And tells him what a Christmas Brawne he slew,
Then with his purpose him acquainted makes,
Which was to bid all forraine parts adew,
And see the heauenly obiect of his heart:
Heraud consents, and they forthwith depart.

To *England* comes victorious *Guy*,
And doth faire *Phelice* wed:
At *Yorke* presenting *Athelstone*,
A dreadfull Dragons head.

Canto 9.

ASsisted new by nimble-winged Time,
Guy shapes his course for *England*, & doth leaue
The bold aduentures of each forraine Clime,
Loues iust reward from *Phelice* to receiue.
As *Hercules* twelue Labours being past,
Found time for *Dianiraes* loue at last.

Heraud and *Guy* no sooner doe arriue,
But newes thereof vnto the King was brought,
Who heard of all before they did atchiue,
Which made him much desirous in his thought,
To see such subiects matchlesse men alone,
In honouring *England* and King *Athelstone*.

To *Yorke* they goe, for there the King was then,
To whom they did moſt humble duty ſhow:
Welcome (quoth he) renowned martiall men,
My Princely loue vpon you I beſtow,
Your fortunate ſucceſſe contentment breeds:
Fame came before, and brought vs home your deeds.

Guy, thou haſt laid a heauy hand, we heare,
Vpon the neckes of Pagan Infidels,
And ſent them home by fatall ſword and ſpeare,
To horrors vault, where vnbeleeuers dwells.
Deuouring Beaſts thou likewiſe haſt deſtroy'd,
That humane creatures fearefull haue annoy'd.

Yet worthy man, I thinke thou ne're didſt ſlay,
Of all thoſe monſters, terrible and wilde,
More cruell creature then at this ſame day,
Deſtroyes what ere he meetes, man, woman, childe,
Cattell and all, which no man dare withſtand:
A dreadfull Dragon in *Northumberland*.

I ſpeake not this to animate thee on,
And hazard life at ſetting foot on ſhore,
For diuers to deſtroy this beaſt haue gone,
But to their friends neuer returned more:
No, I expreſſe how happy thou haſt bin,
To free like feares that other men were in.

Dread Lord (quoth *Guy*) as I am Engliſh Knight,
And faithfull vnto God, true to my King,
I will goe ſee if that fame beaſt dare bite,
For to your Grace his head I meane to bring.
I found his fellow with a Lyon fighting,
But made him leaue both ſcratching and his biting.

And as I dealt with him, Ile deale with this,
Only I doe beſeech your Royall Grace,
Command me ſome direction where he is,
And to your Court Ile bring his vgly face,
Or your milde fauour neuer let me ſee:
Dragon or Deuill; whatſoe're he be.

So taking humble leaue, away he rides
Vnto *Northumberland*, to find that beaſt:
Hauing a dozen Knights which were his guides,
And brought him where the Dragon held his feaſt
Like *Canniball*, that feeds on fleſh of men:
Behold (quoth they to *Guy*) yon Caue's his Den.

It is enough, ſaid he: doe you remaine,
And leaue me to goe finde out *Hidra's* head,
That neuer ſhall deuoure a man againe,
Who with ſo many bodyes hath bin fed:
Here Gentlemen, if you pleaſe to ſtay,
Sit on your Horſes and behold our fray.

Comming vnto the Caue, the Dragon ſpies him,
And forth he ſtalkes with lofty ſpeckled breſt,
Of dreadfull forme: aſſoone as ere *Guy* eyes him,
His Launce he ſpeedy ſet into his reſt,
Then ſpurres to Horſe, and at the Dragon makes;
That bearing ground at the encounter ſhakes.

Then very lightly *Guy* returnes his Horſe,
And comes vpon him with redoubled might;
The Dragon meetes him with reſiſting force,
And like a Reede his Launce in two did bite.
Nay then (quoth *Guy*) if to ſuch bites you fall,
I haue a toole to picke your teeth withall.

Then drew his ſword (a keene and maſſie blade)
And fiercely ſtrooke with furious blowes ſo fell,
That many wide and bloody wounds he made,
Which caus'd the Dragon yawne, like mouth of hell,
Roaring with a moſt fearefull hideous ſound,
And with his clawes all rent and tore the ground.

Impatient of the ſmart he did ſuſtaine,
He thought with wings to raiſe himſelfe aloft,
But with a ſtroke *Guy* brought him downe againe,
And play'd him with the edge of ſteele ſo oft,
That downe he fell in durty blood berayd,
And forth his wide deuouring Ouen bray'd:

A flake

A flake of fire ſeem'd to iſſue thence,
While *Guy* was hewing off his vgly head.
N w Fiend(quoth he)thou haſt thy recompence,
For all thy humane blood thy iawes haue ſhed,
Vpon a dart of this ſame broken Speare,
Thy filthy face vnto the King Ile beare.

The Knights(with ioy exceeding) take a view
Of that ſame fearefull creature ſtrange of ſhape:
Admiring at his vgly forme of hiew,
With wonderment that mortall man could ſcape
Thoſe teeth and clawes, ſo dreadfull, ſharpe & long,
Compos'd by Nature in a beaſt ſo ſtrong.

When they had fix'd the head vpon a Speare,
And meaſur'd out the bodyes length direct:
Vnto the King at *Lincolne* they it beare,
Who *Guyes* returne with longing did expect.
God ſhield(quoth he)and ſaue me from all euill:
Here is a face may well out-face the Deuill.

What ſtaring eyes of burning glaſſe be thoſe,
That might(aliue)two flaming Beacons ſeeme?
What ſcales of harneſſe arme that crooked noſe,
And teeth?none ſuch had *Cerberus* I deeme:
What yawning mouth,and forked tongue is there,
That being dead may make the liuing feare?

Victo-

Victorious Knight, thy actions we admire,
And place thee highly in our Kingly loue,
Throughout the ſpacious Orbe by Fame aſpire,
More lofty then the ſupreme Sphere doth moue,
To the ſucceeding ages of this Land,
I will remember thy victorious hand.

Which ſhall be thus: the monſters picture, wrought
On cloth of Arras artificiall well,
And vnto *Warwicke* we will haue it brought:
There to remaine, and after-ages tell,
That worthy *Guy*, a man of matchleſſe ſtrength,
Deſtroy'd a Dragon thirty foot in length.

And place his head here on the Caſtle wall,
For memory, till yeeres doe ruine it:
And Nobles, make triumphant Feſtiuall,
Affoord our Knight all honour doth befit.
Troy's Hector's dead and can no more atchieue,
But *Englands Hector* ſtill remaines aliue.

By this report (the onely Linguiſt liuing)
Had bin with *Phelice* for to make her glad:
Such fame and glory to her Louer giuing,
As neuer greater any Worthy had,
Tells all the deeds of wonder he had done,
From the firſt action that his hand begun.

Phelice impatient of his wished sight,
Speeds towards *Lincolne*, like light *Salmacis*:
Where ioyfully she entertaines her Knight,
With *Iunoes* kind imbrace, and *Venus* kisse:
Guy with requitall makes his gladnesse knowne,
And in his armes he now inioyes his owne.

Forgetfull Loue, and too too slow (quoth she)
I fear'd thou didst not minde thy dearest friend:
What, seeke a Dragon, ere thou looke for mee?
And hazard life before thou come, or send
To know if I remaine in happy state!
Some iealous woman would suppose twere hate.

But sure I doe not, though I speake my heart:
And wish I had bin first thou saw'st on shore:
Guy, welcome to thy *Phelice* now thou art,
Thou neuer shalt goe forth a fighting more.
No, thou hast fought too much, thy lookes bewray,
Sterne countenance hath stolne thy smiles away.

But Loue will learne thee (Loue) to change thy face,
And frame it as at first when I did chuse it:
Thou hast almost forgotten to imbrace,
I like that well, it seemes thou dist not vse it
In forraine parts abroad, where thou hast bin,
But that lost lesson thou must new begin.

I will(quoth he)deare Loue, and ply my booke,
And kiſſe my leſſon on thy corall lip:
Tell me but onely when I am miſtooke,
In reading raſhly,if I ouer-skip,
Or be too negligent in taking paine,
Why,turne me backe,to conne my geare againe.

But Lady,one exception I will make,
What line ſoeuer you doe put me to,
The Horne-booke of all other Ile forſake,
For willingly I would not haue to doe
With that Croſſe-row,croſſe vnto many,when
Women doe teach it vnto married men.

Kind Sir(quoth ſhe)content, Ile neuer chuſe it,
It fits two ſorts, a Curtezan, a Child:
Once,as the latter, ſimply I did vſe it,
But for the other, rather,be beguild,
Then to deceiue, the ſecond Horn-booke's naught:
Teach it not me, and it ſhall ne'r be taught.

Guy ſmil'd and ſid,Come,let vs *Warwicke* ſee,
Of all the world the place that I loue beſt:
Becauſe it had the bringing vp of thee,
And there firſt,with thy beauty I was bleſt,
I loue the Caſtle and the Gardne ground,
Where erſt thy Venus-face alone I found.

Let's

Let's haſten on toheare this Sacred voyce,
I Guy *take* Phelice *to my wedded wife:*
And thou repeate, *I likewiſe am thy choyce,*
Till death depart vs, euen ſo long as life:
And then the next will be, *God giue vs ioy,*
And ſend thy fathers heyre, a gallant boy.

The Marriage is ſolemnized,
But after forty dayes:
Guy Penance vowes, & Pilgrim-like,
from *England* goes his wayes,

Cant. 10.

THe happy day (that Louers long expect)
Is now obtain'd to giue deſire reſt:
And all the honours *Hymen* can effect,
He franke beſtowes to grace the wedding feaſt.
For *Athelſtone* and his renowned Queene
At this great Nuptiall in their pompe were ſeene.

The Nobles rich and coſtly in attire,
With worthy Knights and Gentlemen beſide:
Ladyes of Honour (as their Loues require)
Attend vpon the beauteous faire-fac'd Bride.
There wanted nothing (wit of man could find)
To pleaſe the eye, or to content the mind.

Maskes, mid-night Reuels, Tilt, and Turnament,
Acting of ancient Stories, ſtately ſhowes,
Banquets might giue great *Iupiter* content,
Where cuppes of *Nectar* plenteous ouer-flowes,
Aboundant all things, with a plenteous hand,
As if a King himſelfe ſhould feaſt a Land.

Soone after all theſe things were conſummate,
Earle *Rohand* (*Phelice* worthy Father) dyes:
And to his Sonne bequeaths the whole eſtate,
Of Earledomes, Lordſhips: all his Land is *Guyes*,
Who is created Earle of *Warwicke* then,
In Honours ranke, with *Englands* Noble-men.

But in the glory of his high applaud,
Enioying all that did partake delight,
When euery tongue his Fame and Fortunes laud,
Himſelfe conuerts his ſun-ſhine dayes to night,
Bethinking what the world may iuſt be thought,
And deeming all but vaine that he had ſought.

Oft would he ſit and meditate alone,
In looking backe what ſteps his youth had trod:
Then to himſelfe with ſighes and grieuous grone,
Cry, Pardon me, thou iuſt incenſed God,
I haue done nothing for to purchaſe grace,
But ſpend my time about a womans face.

For beauty, bloody through the world I ran,
In pride of heart preferring *Phelices* feature:
For beauty I haue ended many a man,
Hating all other for one mortall creature.
For beauty I haue pawn'd my vtmoſt power,
But for my ſinnes not ſpent one weeping hower.

My *Nunquam ſera* I will now begin,
And vow to ſpend the remnant of my dayes,
In contrite Penance for my former ſin,
That God may pardon all the erring wayes,
Which fleſh and blood, vainly deceiued by,
Vnto the world I will goe learne to dye.

Let me be cenſur'd, euen as mortals pleaſe,
Ile pleaſe my God in all things may be done:
Ambitious pride hath bin my youths diſeaſe,
Ile teach age meekeneſſe, ere my glaſſe be runne,
And change my choiſe: wealth, beauty, world farwel:
To purchaſe heauen, I would paſſe through hell.

Phelice perceiues this melancholy ſtate,
And comming to him, doth moſt mildly woo:
My Lord (quoth ſhe) why are you chang'd of late?
As I ſhare ioy, let me beare ſorrow too:
If I in ought haue mou'd you to offence,
I will with teares performe due recompence.

No my deare Loue (quoth *Guy*) no cauſe in thee,
Tis with my ſelfe I discontented ſtriue:
By light of Grace, my Natures faults I ſee,
That am as dead, although I ſeeme aliue.
Phelice, my ſins, my countleſſe ſins appeare:
Crying, *Repent, thy guilty conſcience cleere.*

I muſt deale with thee, as *Bauarus* delt
(A Prince of *Rome*) with *Sygunda* his wife,
Who (from a deepe impreſſion he felt)
Vow'd chaſtity perpetuall all his life,
Entreatinge thee (euen as thou lou'ſt my ſoule)
To pardon me, not vrging by controule.

Haſt thou not heard what *Ethelfrida* did
(A Chriſtian woman) ſometime *Englands* Queen;
Is *Edelthrudis* acte of chaſte life hid,
A Princeſſe likewiſe rare and matchleſſe ſeene
The firſt with child, no more of luſt would taſte:
To pardon me, not vrging my controule.

And canſt not thou (the Phenix of a Realme)
By imitation win immortall praiſe?
Leauiug thy vertues an admired Theame
To the ſucceeding age of Iron dayes?
I know thou canſt, thy greater part's Diuine:
Where moſt is carnall, twill to fleſh incline.

Thou

Thou didſt procure (although I doe excuſe it)
My pride, by Conqueſts to attayne thy loue:
God gaue me Valour, I did vaine abuſe it,
My heart and thoughts aſpired far aboue
The Crownes and Scepters of moſt potent Kings,
I held their Diadems inferiour things.

But now I gather in a totall ſumme,
Such follies and condemne them all to dye:
A man of other faſhion Ile become,
Some better trauailes for my ſoule to trye,
Not as before, in armor on my Steed:
But in a gowne of gray, a Palmers weed.

Obſcure my iourney, for Ile take no leaue,
But only leaue my endleſſe Loue to thee:
Here is my Ring, this memory receiue,
And weare the ſame, to make thee thinke on me.
Let me haue thine, which for thy ſake Ile keep,
Till death cloze vp theſe eyes with his dead ſleep.

When this was ſpoke, how ſhe did wring her hands,
With ſighes and teares, may well be deemed much:
Yet wondrous meekely, nothing countermands,
For the deuotion of that age was ſuch,
To hold them bleſſed, could themſelues retire
To ſolitude, and leaue the worlds deſire.

Now is the Princely clothing lay'd away,
Wherein he glitter'd like the glorious Sun,
And his beſt habite, homely Country-gray,
Such as the poore plaine people tearme home-ſpun.
A Staffe, a Scrip, a Scallop-ſhell in's hat,
Not to be knowne, not once admired at.

And thus with penſiue heart, and dolefull teares,
He leaues the faireſt Creature *England* had:
Who in her face a map of ſorrow weares,
A countenance compos'd all mournefull, ſad,
Like vnto one had baniſh'd all delight:
Wiſhing for ſlumbers of eternall night.

Guy iourneyes towards the Sanctified ground,
Whereas ſometime the *Iewes* faire Citie ſtood,
In which our Sauiours ſacred Head was crown'd,
And where for ſinfull man he ſhed his Blood:
To ſee the Sepulcher was his intent:
The Tombe that *Ioſeph* vnto *Ieſus* lent.

With tedious miles he tyr'd his weary feet,
And paſſed deſart places, full of danger:
At laſt, with a moſt wofull wight did meet,
A man that vnto ſorrow was no ſtranger.
For he had fifteene ſonnes made captiue all
To ſlauiſh bondage, in extremeſt thrall.

A Gyant

A Giant called *Amarant*, detayn'd them,
Whom no man durſt encountet for his ſtrength,
Who in a Caſtle which he held, had chain'd them.
Guy queſtion'd where? and vnderſtands atlength
The place not farre: lend me thy ſword (quoth he)
Ile lend my man-hood, all thy ſonnes to free.

With that he goes and layes vpon the doore,
Like him that ſayes, *I muſt and will come in:*
The Gyant was neuer ſo rouz'd before,
For no ſuch knocking at his gate had bin:
So takes his club and keyes, and commeth out,
Staring with irefull countenance about.

Sirra (quoth he) what buſines haſt thou here?
Art come to feaſt the Crowes about theſe walls?
Didſt neuer heare, no ranſome can him cleere,
That in the compaſſe of my fury falles?
For making me to take a Porters paines,
With this ſame club I will daſh out thy braines.

Sirra (quoth *Guy*) y' are quarrelſome, I ſee,
Choler and you ſeeme very neere of kin:
Dangerous at the club belike you be,
I haue bin better arm'd, though now goe thin,
But ſhew thy vtmoſt hate, enlarge thy ſpight:
Here is the weapon that muſt doe me right.

A Gyant called Amarant,
Guy *valiantly deſtroyes,*
Whereby wrong'd Ladyes, captiue Knights,
Their libertie enioyes.

So

Or

So drawes
About the h
While his ere
Standing with
Putting ſuch vig
That like a furnace.

But on the ground he ſpent his ſtrokes in vaine,
For *Guy* was nimble to auoid them ſtill:
And euer ere he heau'd his club againe,
Did bruſh his plated coate againſt his will:
At ſuch aduantage he would neuer faile,
To bang him ſoundly in his ſhirt of mayle.

At length through thirſt, *Amarant* feeble grew,
And ſaid to *Guy*, As th'art of humane race,
Shew it in this: giue Natures wants their due,
Let me but goe and drinke in yonder place,
Thou canſt not yeeld vnto a ſmaller thing,
Then grant life that is giuen by the ſpring.

I grant thee leaue (quoth *Guy*) goe drinke thy laſt,
To pledge the Dragon and the ſaluage Bore:
Succeed the Tragedies which they haue paſt,
But neuer thinke to drinke cold water more.
Drinke deep to death, and after that carouſe,
Bid him receiue thee in his earthen houſe.

.ſt,
ourſt,
s doth ſtrike,
.ands,
..ands.

Come on (quoth he) let vs to worke againe,
Thou art about thy liquor ouer-long:
The fiſh that in the riuer doe remaine,
Will want thereby; thy drinking doth them wrong,
But I will ſee their ſatisfaction made,
With Gyants blood they muſt and ſhall be paid.

Villaine (quoth *Amarant*) Ile cruſh thee ſtraight:
Thy life ſhall pay thy daring tongues offence,
This club (which is about ſome hundred weight)
Is deaths commiſſion to diſpatch thee hence.
Dreſſe thee for Rauens dyet I muſt needs,
And breake thy bones as they were made of reeds.

Incenſed much by theſe bold Pagans boaſts,
Which worthy *Guy* could ill endure to heare,
He hewes vpon thoſe big ſupporting poaſts,
That like two pillars did the body beare,
Amarant (for their wounds) in choller growes:
And deſp'rately at *Guy* his club he throwes.

Which

Which did directly on his body light,
So violent and weighty therewithall,
That downe to ground on sodaine came the Knight,
And ere he could recouer from the fall,
The Gyant got the club againe in's fist,
And strooke a stroke that wonderfully mist.

Traytor (quoth *Guy*) thy falshood Ile repay,
This coward act, to intercept my blood.
Sayes *Amarant*, Ile murther any way,
With enemies all vantages are good.
Oh could I poyson in thy nostrils blowe:
Thou shouldst be sure I would dispatch thee so.

Tis well (said *Guy*) thy honest thoughts appeare,
Within that beastly bulke doe Deuils dwell:
Which are thy tenants while thou liuest here,
But will be Land-lords when thou com'st in hell.
Vile miscreant, prepare thee for their Den,
Inhumane monster, hatefull vnto men.

But breathe thy selfe a time while I goe drinke?
For flaming *Phœbus* with his firy eye,
Torments me so with burning heat, I thinke,
My thirst would serue to drinke an Ocean dry.
Forbeare a little as I dealt with thee?
Quoth *Amarant*, thou hast no foole of mee.

No, ſilly wretch, my father taught more wit,
How I ſhould vſe ſuch enemies as thou:
By all my gods I doe reioyce at it,
To vnderſtand that thirſt conſtraines thee bow,
For all the treaſure that the world containes,
One drop of water ſhall not coole thy veines.

Relieue my foe? why, twere a mad mans part:
Refreſh an aduerſary to my wrong?
If thou imagine this, a child thou art,
No fellow, I haue knowne the world too long,
To be ſo ſimple; now I know thy want,
A minutes ſpace of breathing Ile not grant.

And with theſe words, heauing aloft his club
Into the ayre, he ſwings the ſame about:
Then ſhakes his lockes, and doth his temples rub,
And like the *Cyclops* in his pride did ſtrout.
Sirra (ſaid he) I haue you at a lift:
You now are come vnto your lateſt ſhift.

Periſh for euer with this ſtroke I ſend thee,
(A medicine will doe thy thirſt much good)
Take no more care for drinke before I end thee,
And then weele haue carouſes of thy blood.
Heer's at thee, with a Butchers downe-right blow,
To pleaſe my fury with thine ouerthrow.

Infer-

Infernall, falſe, obdurate fiend (*Guy* ſaid)
That ſeem'ſt a lumpe of cruelty from hell:
Ingratefull monſter, ſince thou haſt denay'd
The thing to me wherein I vſde thee well:
With more reuenge then ere my ſword did make,
On thy accurſed head reuenge Ile take.

Thy Gyants longitude ſhall ſhorter ſhrinke,
Except thy ſun-ſcorcht skin be weapon-proofe.
Farewell my thirſt I doe diſdaine to drinke,
Streames, keepe your water to your owne behoofe,
Or let wild beaſts be welcome thereunto,
With theſe pearle drops I will not haue to doe.

Hold, Tyrant, take a taſte of my good will,
For thus I doe begin my bloody bout:
You cannot chuſe but like the greeting ill,
It is not that ſame club will beare you out.
And take this payment on thy ſhaggy crowne:
A blow that brought him with a vengeance downe.

Then *Guy* ſet foot vpon the Monſters breſt,
And from his ſhoulders did his head diuide:
Which with a yawning mouth did gape, vnbleſt,
No Dragons iawes were euer ſeene more wide,
To open and to ſhut, till life was ſpent:
So *Guy* tooke's keyes, and to the Caſtle went:

Where

Where many wofull captiues he did find,
That had bin tired with extremities:
Whome he in friendly manner did vnbind,
And reason'd with them of their miseries.
Each told a tale with teares, and sighes, and cryes,
All weeping to him with complaining eyes.

There tender Ladyes in darke dungeon lay,
That were surprized in the desart wood:
And had no other dyet euery day,
Then flesh of humane creatures for their food,
Some with their Louers bodies had bin fed,
And in their wombes their husbands buried.

Now he bethinkes him of his comming there,
T'inlarge the wronged brethren from their woes,
And as he searcheth, doth great clamours heare,
By which sad sounds direction, on he goes
Vntill he findes a darkesome obscure gate,
Arm'd strongly ouer all with Iron plate.

That he vnlockes and enters, where appeares
The strangest obiect that he euer saw;
Men that with famishment of many yeeres,
Were like deaths picture which the Painters draw,
Diuers of them were hanged by each thumbe,
Others head-downe-ward, by the middle some.

With diligence he takes them from the walles,
With liberty their thraldome to acquaint:
Then (the perplexed Knight) their Father calles,
And saies, Receiue thy Sons, though poore & faint,
I promist you their liues, accept of that:
But did not warrant you they should be fat.

The Castle I doe giue thee, here's the Keyes,
Where tyranny for many yeeres did dwell:
Procure the gentle tender Ladies ease,
For pitty-sake, vse wronged Women well,
Men easly may reuenge the deedes men doe,
But poore weake women haue no strength thereto.

The good old man euen ouer-ioy'd with this,
Fell on the ground, and would haue kist *Guyes* feete,
Father (quoth he) refraine so base a kisse,
For Age to honour Youth, I hold vnmeete,
Ambitious pride hath hurt me all it can,
I goe to mortifie a sinnefull man.

Guy on his iourney doth proceed,
With painefull Pilgrim life:
While *Warwicke* Counteſſe liues in
a chaſte and loyall Wife. (teares,

Cant. 11.

BEhold the man that ſought contentions out,
Whoſe recreation was in angry armes,
And for his *Venus* rang'd the World about,
To finde out dreadfull Combats, fierce Allarmes,
From former diſpoſition alienate:
Shuns all occaſions may procure debate:

In his owne wrongs, by vow he will not ſtrike,
Let iniury impoſe what ſtrife can doe:
Abuſes ſhall not force him to diſlike,
For he hath now fram'd Nature thereunto,
And taken Patience by the hand for's guide,
To leade his thoughts where Meekenes doth abide.

No worldly ioy can giue his mind content.
Delights are gone, as they had neuer beene:
His onely care is how he may repent
His ſpending Youth about the ſeruing ſinne,
And faſhion Age, to looke like contrite ſorrow:
That little time to come, which life doth borrow.

His

His lookes were ſad, complexion pale and wan,
His dyet of the meaneſt, hard and ſpare:
His life he led, like a Religious man,
His habit poore and homely, thin and bare:
His Dignities and Honours were forgot:
His *Warwicke* Earldome he regarded not.

Sometime he would goe ſearch into a Graue,
And there finde out a rotten dead-mans Scull,
And with the ſame a conference would haue,
Examining each Vanity at full,
And then himſelfe would anſwer for the Head,
His owne obiections in the dead-mans ſtead.

If thou haſt bin ſome Monarch, where's thy crowne?
Or who in feare of thy ſterne lookes doe ſtand?
Death hath made conqueſt of my great renowne,
My golden Scepter, in a fleſhly hand,
Is taken from me by another King,
And I in duſt am made a rotten thing.

Haſt thou beene ſome great Counſailer of State,
Whoſe potent wit did rule a mighty Realme?
Where is the policy thou hadſt of late?
Conſum'd and gone, euen like an idle Dreame.
I haue not ſo much wit, as will ſuffice,
To kill the wormes that in my Coffin lies.

Perhaps thou wast some beautious Ladies face,
For whō right strange aduentures haue bin wrought,
Euen such, as (when it was my louing case)
For my deare kindest *Hellice* I haue fought.
Perhaps about this Scull there was a skin,
Fairer then *Hellens* was inclosed in.

And on this Scalp, so wormy eaten bare,
(Where nothing now but bone we may behold)
Where Natures ornaments such lookes of haire
As might induce the eye to deeme them gold,
And Christall Eyne to these two hollow caues:
And here such lips, as Loue for kissing craues.

But where's the substance of this Beauty spent,
So louely, precious in the sight of men?
With powerfull death, vnto the dust it went,
Grew loth-some, filthy, came to nothing then.
And what a Picture of it doth remaine:
To tell the wife, All Beauty is but vaine.

Such memories he often would preferre,
Of mortall frailty, and the force of death:
To teach the flesh how apt it is to erre,
And poast repentance off till lateſt breath:
Thus would he in the Worlds contempt reproue
All that seduc'd the soule from Heauenly loue.

Now

Now for a while reuerse your view of woe,
For one sad subiect, to behold another:
To see new sorrow, backe to *England* goe,
And to long absent yeeres commit the other.
Leaue dolefull *Guy*, to aged griefe and cares:
And looke on *Phelice*, how his Lady fares.

Like to a Widdow, all in blacke attire,
She doth expresse her inward dolefull mind,
A Chamber prison is her chiefe desire,
Where she to passions wholy is inclin'd.
She that of late was pride of English Court,
With Maiesty no longer will confort,

But liues a life, like one despisde lifes being,
And euery day vnto the world did die:
With iudgements eyes, farre into folly seeing,
And noting well how fast false pleasures flie:
Leauing for en'ry taste of vaine delight,
A greater heape of cares, then pen can write.

Het thoughts ranne after her departed Lord,
And trauail'd in conceit more fast then he:
What place (quoth she) can rest to me afford,
That Pilgrim-like, hath thus forsaken me?
Oh sad laments! my soule your hurt then beares,
To thinke, deare *Guy* remembers me in teares.

Me thinkes he sits now by a Riuer side,
And swels the water with his weeping eyes:
Me thinkes that *Phelice, Phelice*, lowd he cry'd,
And charged Eccho beare it through the Skies.
Then rising vp, he runnes with might and maine,
Saying, Sweet Eccho, bring my Loue againe.

Then comes he to a *Cypresse* Tree, and saies,
Siluanus, this was once the louely Boy,
Whom thou for feature to the Clouds didst praise,
But here's thy senceleſſe and transformed ioy,
'Tis nothing now but boughes, and leaues, and Tree,
And made to wither, as all beauties be.

And then me thinkes he sits him sadly downe,
And on his bending knees his elbow stayes,
With head in hand, saying, Farewell Renowne,
Vanish vaine pleasures of my youth full daies.
My true repentance doe you all displace,
A happy end brings sinfull soules to Grace.

Ah worthy man, that thus canst mortifie
The rebell Flesh, to conquer *Adams* Nature!
And for the gaining of Eternity,
Dost liue on Earth, as it no earthly Creature:
Dead and aliue; old and new borne againe,
True valiant *George*, that hath the Deuill slaine.

As

As thy aduice was when thou didſt depart,
That I ſhould liue a Veſtall Virgins life,
Although when I was Maid (by Louers Art)
Thou didſt perſwade me to become a Wife:
I vow by Heauens, and all the powers Diuine,
To keepe my thoughts, as conſtant, chaſte as thine.

My beauty I will blemiſh all I may,
With teares and ſighes, and dolefull lamentation:
By abſtinence I will attaine the way
To ouercome the force of ſinnes temptation.
This ſentence I haue often read, and ſeene:
A Womans, Chaſtity is Vertues Queene.

Ceres and *Bacchus* I will carefull ſhun,
Foes to *Diana*, friends to *Venus* euer:
Vnto licentious life they teach vs runne,
And with ſobriety aſſociate neuer.
Spare dyet ſhall become my daily fare,
The ſoule thriues beſt to keepe the body bare.

The Courtly Ornaments I wore of late,
In honour of King *Athelſtones* faire Queene,
Euen all thoſe Iewels, and thoſe Robes of State,
Wherein ſo often I was glorious ſeene,
Shall with their price and value now ſupply
Thoſe naked poore that in the ſtreetes doe lie.

The gold and siluer that I doe possesse,
About good workes, shall all imployed be:
The purchase of eternall happinesse,
Is of all wealth most precious vnto me,
All that in want to *Warwicke* Castle come,
And craue relieſe, I will affoord them some.

For hault and lame, and blind, I will prouide
Some Hospitall, with Land to be maintain'd:
For Widdowes, and poore Father-lesse beside,
That their necessities may be sustain'd.
For young beginners their estate to raise:
And for repayring of decay'd High-waies.

This I account to be the Heauenly thrift,
Lay vp your treasure where it cannot rust:
And giue the riches, we receiue by gift,
As each good Steward is inioyn'd he must,
That after this short stinte'd life's decay,
We may haue life and euer-lasting day.

Reiected world, thus doe I take my leaue
With thee, and all things thou dost most esteeme:
Thy showes are snares, and all thy hopes deceiue,
Thy goodnesse is but onely good to seeme.
Of thy false pleasures I as much haue seene,
As she that beares the title of a Queene.

Oh

Oh that I were in ſuch vnknowne diſguiſe,
(Attending on my *Guy*, where ere he be)
As once the kinde *Sulpitia* did deuiſe,
Her *Lentulus* in baniſhment to ſee!
Or *Hipſicratea*-like in mans attire,
Following her exil'd King, through loues deſire.

'Twould ſomething eaſe my ſorrow-wounded heart,
So to diuide the burthen of vnreſt:
For where affliction takes afflictions part
In hard extremes, ſome comfort is expreſt.
Miſery is more eaſie to abide,
When friends with friends their croſſes doe deuide.

But all in vaine I wiſh, would God I were,
Or thus, or thus, it nought auailes my woe:
Though ſtaruing thought doe wander here & there,
My poore weake body knowes not where to goe.
Vnto the Holy-Land I heard him ſay,
God ſend me thither at my dying day.

I will about my Vowes, and ſee them paide,
To doe the good that Chatity requires:
When grace, to workes of vertue does perſwade,
'Tis bleſſedneſſe to further ſuch deſires.
And while on earth I doe a ſinner dwell,
Ile ſtriue to pleaſe my God with liuing well.

In this reſolue, that life ſhe entertaines,
Performing all the courſe ſhe had propounded,
And ſuch ſeuerity therein explaines,
Her ſexe with wonder reſts amaz'd confounded,
To ſee ſo rare a Beauty, rich, high-borne,
Hold all worlds pleaſure in contempt and ſcorne.

For no perſwading friend that ſhe would heare,
Which motion'd company, or recreation,
Vnto their ſpeach ſhe would not lend an eare,
That ſought to alter her determination:
But ſuch as came, and of compaſſion ſpake,
She did relieue for bleſſed *Ieſus* ſake.

Her wandring Lord from Land to Land repaires,
To ſeeke out places Pilgrims doe frequent:
By carefull yeeres, turn'd into ſiluer haires,
Exceeding chang'd with griefe and languiſhment:
(For ſorrow giues a man more ancient looke,
Then elder time, which leſſer cares haue tooke.)

His old acquaintance in thoſe forraigne parts,
That had before moſt worthy actions ſeene,
Right bold aduentures of his long deſerts,
Had loſt Sir *Guy*, as he had neuer beene.
Thoſe that in armour knew his martiall face,
Did not expect him in a Friers caſe.

Amongſt

Amongſt the reſt to whom he had bin knowne,
He met Earle *Terry* baniſh'd to exile:
Each vnto other being ſtrangers growne,
Through ſorrow, which the ſences doth beguile,
They had forgot that ere they ſaw each other,
Yet *Guy* was *Terryes*, *Terry Guyes* ſworne Brother.

Hauing related how their trauailes grew,
One's voluntary, t'others by conſtraint:
In taking leaue with courteſies adew,
Oh Engliſh-man (ſaid *Terry* ſighing faint)
I had a friend, a Country-man of thine,
Was Iuſtice Champion to great wrongs of mine:

Tyranny to the face he durſt defie,
And ſtampe his foote vpon oppreſſions necke:
Tell me, deare friend, haſt thou not heard of *Guy*,
That had a hand to helpe, a ſword to checke?
I haue (quoth he) and knowne him many yeeres:
Guy Warwickes Earle, is one of *Englands* Peeres.

What is thy Name? *Terry* (quoth he) I hight,
Greater by Birth, then Fortunes make me ſeeme,
Terry (ſaid he) I vow to doe thee right
In what I may, my poore good-will eſteeme.
To humane thoughts my Nature doth agree,
Thou lou'ſt my friend, I muſt of force loue thee.

Direct me to the man exil'd thee thus,
Ile take thy part, as farre as ſtrength extends:
If *Guy* himſelfe were here to ioyne with vs,
He could but ſay, *Ile venture life with friends.*
And be aſſured, though I ſimple be,
I oft haue had as good ſucceſſe as he.

Terry with louing thankes his loue requites,
And brings him to his Foe, whom he defies,
And valiant with the aduerſe Champion fights,
Till mortall wounded, at his feet he dies:
Yet 'twas a man ſuppos'd of matchleſſe worth,
That for that Combat they had ſingled forth.

When this was done, the Earle demaunds his name?
Pardon (quoth he) that were againſt a vow:
To no man liuing Ile reueale the ſame,
For I haue changed name and nature now:
Natures corruption I doe ſtriue to leaue,
A new Regeneration to receiue.

Fare well my friend, euen as my ſoule would fare,
If we ne'r meet on earth, Heauen be the place:
For idle houres I haue no time to ſpare,
My haires looke gray, they turne to white apace,
I haue great loſſe in ſhort time to redeeme,
A minutes ſorrow is of much eſteeme.

So he departs towards *Iudea* ground,
Samaria, and *Galile*, to ſee
Thoſe parts by Chriſtian Pilgrims ſo renown'd,
Becauſe their Sauiours choiſe was there to be:
Where he did ſuffer to redeeme our loſſe:
Euen from the Cratch vnto the bloody Croſſe.

Much time he ſpends, and many yeeres beſtowes,
From place to place, about this Holy-Land:
That all his friends in *England* doe ſuppoſe,
Now Death of him had got the vpper-hand.
For no report came, that e're could relate
His life, his being, or his preſent ſtate.

This put the world to ſilence, men were mute,
Concerning *Guy* they knew not what to ſay:
The dreadfull Champion in the armed ſuite
Was neither knowne nor fear'd in ſimple Gray,
But did endeauour all that ere he might,
Neuer to be reueal'd to any wight.

For unto none he would his name diſcloſe,
Nor tell direct what Country-man he was:
Nor of his Noble minde make any ſhowes,
But ſtriue in all things moſt obſcure to paſſe,
Vntill by natiue loue his minde was led,
To come and lay his bones where he was bred.

# of Gvy Earle of VVarwicke.

Guy after many yeeres comes home,
To *England* for his Graue:
Kils *Colbrond* that great Gyant, and
Dyes poorely in a Caue.

Cant. 12.

EVen as the brighteſt glorious ſhining Day,
Will haue a night of darkeneſſe to ſucceed:
Which takes the pride of *Phœbus* quite away,
And makes the Earth to mourne in ſable weed,
Preſenting vs with drowzy heauy ſleepe,
Deaths memory in carefull thoughts to keepe:

So Youth, the day of Natures ſtrength and beauty,
Which hath a ſplendor like faire Heauens eye,
Muſt yeeld to Age, by a ſubmiſſiue duty,
And grow ſo darke, that life of force muſt die.
When length of yeeres brings ancient euening on,
Irreuocable time is poſting gone.

This [illegible]ation in *Guyes* breſt appeares,
By h[illegible]arning from the Holy Land:
He findes himſelfe to be a man in yeeres,
And that his Glaſſe had but a little ſand
To runne, before his date of life expire,
Therefore to *England* he doth backe retire:

There

There to be buried, where he bad beene borne,
Was all the cauſe that did induce him backe:
To end his euening where he had his morne,
In dolefull colours of a Dead-mans blacke,
And let that body reſt in Engliſh ground, (found.
Which through the World no reſting place had

When he arriued on his Natiue ſhore,
He found the Country in extreme diſtreſſe:
For through the Kingdome armed troopes great
Againſt the Foe were all in readineſſe. (ſtore,
The King of *Denmarke*, whoſe deſtroying hand
A mighty Army did ſecurely land,

And marched from the Coaſt with deuaſtation,
Deſtroying Townes, Villages ſet on fire:
Working ſuch terrour vnto all the Nation,
King *Athelſtone* was forced to retire
To *Wincheſter*: which when the Danes once knew,
Towards that Citty all their ſtrength they drew,

Which was too ſtrong for Speare and ſhield to win,
(Inuincible our walls of Stone were then)
They wanted Cannon-keyes to let them in,
Hell's Pick-locke powder was vnknowne to men.
The Deuill had not taught ſuch murthering ſmoke:
A Souldiers honour was his manly ſtroke.

Behol-

Beholding now how they repulsed were,
That *Winchester* by no meanes could be wonne:
They doe conclude to summon parley there,
And with a challenge haue all quarrels done.
An Englishman to combate with a Dane,
And that King loose, that had his Champion slaine.

Wherewith a huge great Giant doth appeare,
Demanding where the Foxes all were crept?
Saying, If one dare come and meete me here,
That hath true valour for his Country kept,
Let him come forth his manhood to disclose,
Or else the English are but coward Foes.

Why very Crauens, on their Dunghils dare
Both crow and strike, before they runne and cry.
Is English courage now become so rare,
That none will fight, because they feare to die?
That I pronouuce you all faint-hearted fooles,
Affraid to looke on manly martiall tooles.

What slaunders I haue heard in foraigne Lands,
Of these poore men for deeds which they haue done,
Most false they are, belyed of their hands,
But he saies true, that saies their feet can runne,
They haue a Prouerbe to instruct them in,
That 'tis good sleeping in a sound whole skin.

Thus

Thus did he vaunt, in tearmes of proud diſdaine,
And threw his Gantlet downe, ſaying, There's my
At length great *Guy* no lõger could refraine, (Gloue:
Seeing all ſtraine courtſie to expreſſe their loue,
But comes vnto the King, and ſaies, Dread Lord,
This Combate to thy vnknowne Knight afford.

Although in ſimple habit I am hid,
Yeelding no ſhow of that I vndertake:
I ne'r attempted ought but what I did,
An end of *Colbrond* (on my ſoule) Ile make.
Palmer (quoth *Athelſtone*) I like thy ſprite:
God ſent thee hither, and he ayde thee right.

His powerfull hand lend vigor to thy blowes,
And grant thy foote vpon thy Foe to tread.
Amen (quoth *Guy*) and with great courage goes,
Forth *Wincheſters* North-gate, vnto *Hide-mead*,
Where that ſame Monſter of a man he found,
Treading at euery ſtep two yards of ground.

Art thou the man (quoth *Colbrond*) art thou he,
On whom the King will venter *Englands* Crowne?
Can he not finde a fitter match for me,
Then this poore Raſcall in a thred-bare Gowne?
Wher's all his Knights, & worthy Champions now?
I doe diſdaine ſo baſe a ſlaue as thou.

Guy *fights to free all* Englands *fear es,*
With Colbrond *Gyant Dane:*
And in Hide-mead *at* Wincheſter,
Was that Goliah *ſlaine.*

Giant

Giant(ſaid *Guy*)manhood ſhould neuer raile,
To breathe the aire with blaſts of idle winde:
A Souldiers weapon beſt can tell his tale,
Thy deſtiny vpon my Sword I finde:
'Twill let thee blood while thou haſt drops to bleed,
And ſpell thy death for all the Danes to read.

Thus I begin, and on his Armuor laide,
That *Colbronds* coate was neuer cudgel'd ſo:
Who with his Club did watch to meete his blade,
Intending to haue broken it with a blow,
But *Guy* was ſure his Sword would hold out play,
It had beene truſty many a cruell fray.

And therefore boldly he preſumes thereon,
Laying about, as faſt as he could driue,
Vntill the Lubbers breath was almoſt gone,
(For with a weighty Club did *Colbrond* ſtriue)
Which lighting on the groũd, made earth giue way,
As if ſome Deuill did about him lay.

So long they held this ſterne and irefull fight,
That the beholders knew not what to deeme:
Yet ſtill ſome wounds to *Colbronds* ſhare did light,
Which to the Engliſh did great comfort ſeeme.
Beſides, their Champion gaue encouragement,
By actiue carriage, danger to preuent.

Quoth *Colbrond*, Englishman, wilt thou forbeare,
And sue for mercy, let the Fight alone?
Villaine (quoth *Guy*) I scorne thy Coward feare,
Ile haue thy life, or it shall cost mine owne,
We'll neuer part, till one be soundly sped:
The King hath ventur'd *England* on my Head.

For twenty Denmarkes (if they might be found)
And all the wealth that on the Ocean swimmes,
I will not yeeld an inch of English ground,
Thou shalt finde mettle in these aged limmes,
Although thy bodies height be more then mine,
I haue a heart bigger by ods then thine.

Thinke on thy ancient Grand-sire *Gogmagog*,
Whom *Corineus* dealt withall at *Doner*,
How that same Lubber, like a Timber-log,
Was by the worthy Brittaine tumbled ouer,
For his bold Challenge he had such a checke,
There was no Surgion could amend his necke.

Thou art deceiu'd in me, poore silly Sot,
I am vntaught to bend submissions knees,
Hold me no Christian if I faile a iot,
(And for the world that title Ile not leese)
Betake thee to thy tooles, honour thy King,
Vpon thy man-hood lies a mighty thing.

And thus I doe incounter thee afresh.
With that he lent him such a powerfull stroke,
It made wide rupture in the Giants flesh,
And did his furious choller much prouoke,
Laying about him in most cruell rage,
Till the next wound did all his heate asswage.

It was so mortall, that it brought him downe,
To lie and grone vpon the bloody ground.
Forthwith a showte was heard from out the Towne,
That all the Skie did Eccho to the sound,
Great ioy was made by euery English heart,
And all the Danes with extreme griefe depart.

King *Athelstone* sent for his Champion then,
To doe him honour for his famous deede,
Who was receiued by the Clergie men,
With all solemnitie for such high meede,
Embraced by the Nobles, and renown'd
With Martiall musicke, Drum and Trumpets sound.

But little pleasure *Guy* conceiues herein,
Refusing Iewels, costly Ornaments,
Saying, With these he out of loue hath beene
For many yeeres, by true experiments:
Onely, thankes God that blest him with an houre,
To free his Country from inuading power.

And so intreats that he may passe vnknowne,
To liue where pouerty regards not wealth:
And be beholden to the helpe of none,
Seeing the world but now and then by stealth:
For true Content doth such a Treasure bring,
It makes the Begger richer then the King.

With true Content (saith he) I will abide,
In homely Cottage, free from all resort,
But I haue found, Content cannot be spide,
To make abode within a Monarchs Court;
No, there's ambition, pride, and enuy seene,
And fawning flattery stepping still betweene.

Yet gentle Palmer (said the King) agree,
Where-euer thou resolu'st to remaine:
Acquaint thy name in priuate vnto me,
And this is all thy Soueraigne will obtaine,
Tell me but who thou art, I will conceale it:
As I am *Englands* King, Ile not reueale it.

Why then (quoth he) your Grace shall vnderstand,
I am your Subiect, *Guy* of *Warwicke* named,
That haue these many yeeres not seene your Land,
But beene where Youth by ancient Age is tamed.
Yea, where experience taught me wit (dread Prince)
The World of many follies to conuince:

And now am come to bring my bones to Graue,
Within the Kingdome where I firſt tooke life:
Yet ſhall no Creature elſe the notice haue
Of my arriuall, not my deareſt Wife,
Till ſicknes come, and doth my death foretell,
Then Ile acquaint her with my laſt faerwell.

The King with ioy embrac'd him in his armes,
And with great admiration anſwers thus:
Moſt worth Earle, freer of *Englands* harmes,
It grieues my ſoule thou wilt not liue with vs.
Oh wer thy reſolutions, thoughts but now,
That my perſwaſions might preuent thy vow.

But 'tis too la, tethey are growne ripe, I ſee,
Thou art too ſettled in determination:
Well, Honourable man, yet this ioyes me,
Thou bring'ſt thy bones vnto thy deareſt Nation,
Where Monuments of thy great deeds ſhall laſt,
Till after-Ages of the world be paſt.

In *Warwicke* Caſtle ſhall thy Sword be kept,
To witneſſe to the world what thou haſt beene,
And leſt forgetfull time ſhould intereept,
A Preſident I preſent will begin,
The Caſtle-keeper ſhall receiue a Fee,
To keepe thy Sword in memory of thee.

Thy Armour likewiſe, and the martiall Speare,
That did thee ſeruice in thy high deſignes;
Shall be preſerued very carefull there,
That all ſuch men as haue diſtruſtfull mindes,
May thinke (if from a truth this did not grow)
A King would ſcorne to coozen people ſo.

And in thy Chappell (diſtant thence a mile)
A Bone ſhall hang of that ſame cruell Beaſt,
Which neere to *Couentrey* remain'd long while,
Whoſe Rib by meaſure is ſixe foote at leaſt.
Deſtroying many that did paſſe that way,
Vntill thy Man-hood did the Saluage ſlay:

That by tradition men may ſpeake and tell,
This was *Guyes* Armour, this his maſſie blade, (quell,
Theſe bones of murthering Beaſts which men did
And this the Tombe wherein his corps was laide,
This the true Picture of his ſhape at length,
And this the Speare did oft expreſſe his ſtrength.

For ſure I hold it an vngratefull thing,
(When thou by Natures courſe in duſt ſhalt lie)
No Memory ſhall cauſe ſome Muſe to ſing
The worthineſſe of matchleſſe Engliſh *Guy*,
Thy Country-men would proue too farre vnkinde,
When out of ſight, they leaue thee out of minde.

This